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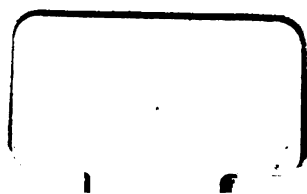
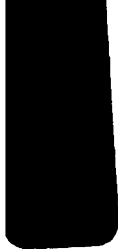
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CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PROCEEDINGS

1906/07

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The Cambridge Historical Society

PUBLICATIONS

II



PROCEEDINGS

OCTOBER 23, 1906 — OCTOBER 22, 1907

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The Cambridge Historical Society

Cambridge, Mass.

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PUBLICATIONS

II

PROCEEDINGS

OCTOBER 23, 1906—OCTOBER 22, 1907



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CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Published by the Society

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PROCEEDINGS

OF

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

THE FIFTH MEETING

BEING THE SECOND ANNUAL MEETING

THE FIFTH MEETING, being the Second Annual Meeting, of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, was held the twenty-third day of October, nineteen hundred and six, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in the building of the Cambridge Latin School, Trowbridge Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. In the absence of the President, the Third Vice President, ARCHIBALD M. HOWE, presided.

The Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

On behalf of the Council, HENRY HERBERT EDES submitted its Annual Report as follows :

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNCIL

IN obedience to the requirements of Article XIII of the By-Laws, the Council submits its Annual Report.

The Society has held four meetings, (1) for organization on the seventeenth of June, (2) the Autumn meeting on the thirtieth of October, at which Professor Norton gave Reminiscences of his early life in Cambridge, (3) a Special meeting in Sanders Theatre on the twenty-first of December, in commemoration of the Two hundred and Seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of Cambridge, and

(4) the Spring meeting on the twenty-fourth of April, which was chiefly a memorial of John Bartlett.

At the Special meeting prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Samuel McCord Crothers, and the principal address was made by Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Other addresses were made by the President of the Society, Mr. Richard H. Dana, the Attorney-General of the Commonwealth, the Hon. Herbert Parker, the President of the Common Council, Mr. George A. Giles, who, in the unavoidable absence of Mayor Daly, spoke for the City of Cambridge, the Rev. Dr. Alexander McKenzie, and President Eliot. An ode, written for the occasion by Mr. William Roscoe Thayer, was also read, and vocal and instrumental music was rendered by pupils of the public schools.

At the Spring meeting the speakers were Mr. Joseph Willard, Colonel Higginson, and Mr. Woodward Emery; and a comprehensive, detailed report on the most important historic sites in Cambridge, with existing inscriptions thereon, was received.

To more effectually promote the objects of the Society and to facilitate its work, several Committees¹ have been appointed by the Council.

From the organization of the Society, the Trustees and Librarian of the Public Library have cordially co-operated with our officers. The meetings of the Council have been held in the Library building, where accommodations have been provided for the safe keeping of gifts to the Society. Previous to the celebration on the twenty-first of December, the Librarian issued a special bulletin and afforded unusual facilities to pupils of the public schools for the study of the early history of Cambridge. The co-operation of the School Committee and the Superintendent of Schools, particularly in connection with the Anniversary Celebration, also calls for recognition. Special exercises were held in the schools, at which this Society furnished speakers, and in certain grades the early history of the City was made the subject of essays.

The Regular, or Resident, Membership of the Society is limited to two hundred persons, of whom fifty were Charter Members. There are also two Associate Members.

¹ A list of these Committees is printed in the Publications of this Society, I. 89, 90.

Although we have lost but two Regular Members by death, the passing of Professor JAMES MILLS PEIRCE and Mrs. EDWARD CHARLES PICKERING has created a void in the community as well as in our own fellowship which it will be difficult to fill. Genial and gracious, keenly alive to the interests of Cambridge and of the University, and zealous in their efforts to promote them, their memory will long be cherished by all who enjoyed the privilege of their friendship, their influence, and their hospitality.

On the thirty-first of May the Council voted that in the exercise of its right, under the By-Laws, to make nominations for Honorary Membership, it will recommend to the Society only persons who, by their published works or in other ways, are connected with Cambridge; and that the total number of Honorary Members to be proposed by the Council shall never at any time exceed ten. At this meeting the Council will present the names of

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, JAMES FORD RHODES,
JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE.

The gifts which have been received will be enumerated in the Report of the Curator; and the Treasurer's Report will furnish the facts concerning our finances, which have been prudently husbanded and, though slender, are in a satisfactory condition.

The first volume of the Society's Publications is now in the printer's hands. It will contain the Proceedings of our meetings from the seventeenth of June, 1905, to the twenty-fourth of April, 1906, including the Addresses and Reports made thereat, and the documents connected with the incorporation of the Society, the By-Laws, and Lists of the Officers and Members. The work is being done at the University Press, which of itself is a sufficient guaranty that the typographical appearance of the book will be of the best.

As we look forward to the work of another year the Council realizes that a wide field and great opportunities lie before us, and that what the Society needs most are workers and money and, eventually, a fire-proof building.

We should strive to stimulate an interest in historical research, especially in the young men and young women of the City, and to inspire in them a wish to join our ranks. We should also impress on

their minds that original research, and not mere compilations or a re-statement of facts already treated by others, is what the Society expects of its members. It should also be inculcated that no work in the field of History can be called *good* that is not accurate and thorough, and that all other is worse than none, since a slipshod and inaccurate performance not infrequently postpones for years a proper treatment of the subject. We should encourage the gift of unpublished manuscript letters, diaries, and other documents, portraits, views, and memorabilia relating to Cambridge, and also the exhibition of such at our meetings where their possessors are unwilling to part with them. With the consent of the owners, these, when of sufficient value, should be printed in our Publications, and edited with ample notes. Thus will our Publications become a repository of valuable original material for History and be consulted by historical students and scholars.

Like that of every other new organization our reputation must be made largely through our activities, our good, sound, original work, and the character of our Publications. To accomplish these things the Society needs an endowment, and especially a Publication Fund to enable it to print original matter. Our members and friends should not lose sight of the fact that a good financial basis is essential to the production of the best results whether by individuals or by societies. When, in due time, we shall have a building of our own, we doubt not that we shall have accumulated meanwhile, portraits and views and relics with which to adorn it; but our first aim should be to secure an endowment dedicated in perpetuity to our Publications, and through them to establish our reputation in the field of historical research.

These are only a few of the directions in which the Society should strive to exercise its influence and to win the confidence and support of the people of Cambridge.

The Secretary submitted his Annual Report as follows:—

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SECRETARY

IN taking up, at the organization of the Society, the duties allotted to the Secretary, it became necessary for him to procure suitable books of record, and to devise suitable forms and methods for conducting and preserving the correspondence of the Secretary with the members of the Society and with other persons. For this purpose, books of the best quality of paper, binding, and other details, were procured for recording the proceedings of the Society and of the Council and for preserving letter-press copies of letters and other written matter issued by the Secretary.

Concurrently with the use of these books and with the correspondence by the Secretary, he has received large numbers of letters which have been for the most part preserved, and will form a nucleus of a valuable collection of autograph letters belonging to the Society. Doubtless the Curator will soon make provision for the filing and indexing of these letters in accordance with a system that may be suited to the future growth in their number.

In connection with the election of members into the Society it has been necessary under the By-Laws to secure their signatures in the book of records kept by the Secretary, and in this there has been no little difficulty. In order that this signing of the By-Laws might be made as easy as possible to the persons elected to membership, the book has been left most of the time in the care of the Treasurer at the office of the Cambridge Savings Bank, 15 Dunster Street; and, as no other place seems more accessible, this practice will be continued. In this connection attention is called to the fact that many of the Charter Members have not yet signed their names to the By-Laws in the book kept by the Secretary, and inasmuch as this list of signatures will be of historic value in itself, it is hoped that such Charter Members will sign the By-Laws as soon as possible.

In drafting the calls for the meetings of the Society, the Secretary has taken the opportunity of annexing to the formal call brief notes of items of interest connected with the work of the Society, thus furnishing to each member a periodical bulletin of information.

A card catalogue is kept of all members of the Society, and at the celebration of the 275th Anniversary of the Founding of Cambridge a separate card list or catalogue was made of all persons specially invited to the public exercises. And this list will be of great service in connection with the coming celebration under the auspices of the Society of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

In the absence of the Curator the following was submitted as his Annual Report by the SECRETARY : —

ANNUAL REPORT OF CURATOR

SINCE the organization of the Society, it has received, by gift, many valuable books, manuscripts, and other memorials.¹

For the safe keeping and the exhibition of this collection, through the courtesy and co-operation of the Trustees and Librarian of the Cambridge Public Library, ample space and other facilities have been allotted at the Library, and any glass cases or other receptacles that may be needed for the proper protection and display of these and of future gifts will be provided by the Society. By these means it is hoped that more and more, as time goes by, gifts will be made to the Society of manuscript letters, diaries, records, books, pamphlets, and other objects of historic interest and value, many of which are doubtless in the possession of the citizens of Cambridge, especially those citizens whose families have resided in Cambridge for several generations.

Notwithstanding the courtesy and generosity of the Cambridge Public Library above alluded to, it is obvious that it would be a great stimulus to the growth of such a collection, as well as to the development of the work of the Society generally, if a suitable building should be provided for its sole use and enjoyment; and it is hoped that the time will soon come when, either by gifts of the living or by the wills of the dead, provision will be made for such a building.

The TREASURER submitted his Annual Report, as follows :

¹ For a list of these gifts and of the donors see page 131 of this Volume of Proceedings.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER

CASH ACCOUNT

From June 19 to October 30, 1905

RECEIPTS

Initiation fees and annual assessments from 63 Regular members @ \$3.00	\$189.00
---	----------

DISBURSEMENTS

Frank G. Cook, Incorporation, postage, paper and envelopes	\$12.15	
Cambridge Social Union, meeting in rooms	2.00	
Bureau of Printing & Engraving, sundries	11.35	
Hollis R. Bailey, printing and postage	2.65	
Hobbs & Warren Co., Blank Books, letter book and letter file, records, cash and ledger	25.65	
Oscar F. Allen, postage	1.86	
Caustic & Clafin, printing	2.50	
E. E. Merrill, stenographing and typewriting	1.30	
Guarantee Company of America, premium on Treasurer's bond 1 year to Nov. 1, 1906	2.50	61.96
Balance on hand October 30, 1905		<u>\$127.04</u>

From October 30, 1905, to October 23, 1906

RECEIPTS

Balance on hand Oct. 30, 1905		\$127.04
Initiation fees from 139 regular members @ \$1.00	\$139.00	
Annual dues for the year ending Oct. 23, 1906 from 138 regular members @ \$2.00	276.00	
Annual dues for the year ending Oct. 22, 1907 from 91 regular members at \$2.00	182.00	
Annual dues from 2 associate members, 1 for one year @ \$1. and 1 for 2 yrs. @ \$1., \$2.	3.00	
Proceeds of Posters of the celebration of the 275th Anniversary of the Founding of Cambridge	4.27	
28 special contributions toward the expenses of said celebration	115.00	
Interest on deposit in the Cambridge Savings Bank	6.58	725.85
		<u>\$852.89</u>

DISBURSEMENTS

Reporting, stenographing, typewriting, printing, stationery, and supplies	\$148.78	
Engraving and graining	131.10	
Use of Sanders Theatre and decorating same	27.22	
Music	8.50	
Carriage hire for speakers	12.00	
Five copies of Records of the First Church in Cambridge . .	25.80	347.60
Balance on hand October 23, 1906		<u>\$505.29</u>

OSCAR F. ALLEN,
Treasurer.

Examined, compared with the Treasurer's books, and found satisfactory,
Oct. 23, 1906.

J. T. G. NICHOLS,
Auditor.

The following persons were chosen a Committee to consider and report a list of nominations for the offices of the the Society for the ensuing year: STEPHEN P. SHARPLES, ARTHUR GILMAN, and SUSANNA WILLARD.

The report of this Committee was read and accepted, and the Committee was discharged.

The following persons, nominated by the Committee, were elected by ballot for the ensuing year:

The Council

OSCAR F. ALLEN,	THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,
EDWARD J. BRANDON,	ARCHIBALD M. HOWE,
FRANK GAYLORD COOK,	WILLIAM C. LANE,
RICHARD HENRY DANA,	ALICE M. LONGFELLOW,
HENRY HERBERT EDES,	ALEXANDER MCKENZIE,
MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI,	WILLIAM R. THAYER.
ALBERT BUSHNELL HART,	

President RICHARD HENRY DANA.

Vice-Presidents { THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.
ALEXANDER MCKENZIE.
ARCHIBALD M. HOWE.

Secretary FRANK GAYLORD COOK.

Treasurer OSCAR F. ALLEN.

Curator WILLIAM R. THAYER.

The SECRETARY-ELECT was duly sworn.

The following persons were elected Honorary Members:—
WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, JAMES FORD RHODES, JOSEPH
HODGES CHOATE.

The following paper was read by WILLIAM COOLIDGE
LANE:

NEHEMIAH WALTER'S ELEGY ON ELIJAH CORLET

I HAVE brought to exhibit to the Society what is perhaps the only remaining memorial of one of the early worthies of Cambridge, Elijah Corlet, the first schoolmaster of the town, who was teaching as early as 1642 and continued his labors until his death in 1687–8, a period of at least forty-five years. This memorial is a copy of the "Elegiack verse, on the death of the pious and profound Grammarian and Rhetorician, Mr. Elijah Corlet, Schoolmaster of Cambridge, who deceased Anno Ætatis 77, Feb. 24, 1687." It is a broadside, and no other copy of it is known to exist.

The references to Corlet in contemporary literature are few, but such as exist show the high regard in which he was held, not only by his pupils, but by the leaders of the Colony contemporary with him. Mather, at the end of his biography of Thomas Hooker,¹ quotes a Latin epitaph composed by Corlet, and speaks of him as "that memorable old school-master in Cambridge, from whose education our college and country has received so many of its worthy men, that he is himself worthy to have his name celebrated in no less a paragraph of our church history, than that wherein I may introduce him."

In his "Essay on the memory of my venerable master, Ezekiel Cheever," printed at the end of his "Corderius Americanus" (1708), p. 28, Mather again refers to Corlet in the well-known lines,

"Tis Corlet's pains and Cheever's we must own,
That Thou, New-England, art not Scythia grown."

In "New England's First Fruits," that little pamphlet printed in London in 1643, which gives the first printed notice of the College,

¹ Mather's *Magnalia*, Book III., Part I., Appendix, § 27.

the Faire Grammar School is mentioned "by the side of the College, for the training up of young scholars, and fitting of them for academical learning, that still as they are judged ripe, they may be received into the College. Of this school Master Corlet is the master, who hath very well approved himself for his abilities, dexterity and painfulness in teaching and education of the youth under him."

Only the barest outline of his life can be given. The earliest notice of him is in the register books of Oxford,¹ which show that he was the son of Henry Corlet, of London, and matriculated at Lincoln College 16th March, 1627, at the age of 17. When he came to America is not known, but he evidently was teaching in Cambridge before 1643: that is to say, when he was about thirty-two years old. His house was on the east side of the present Dunster Street, between Mt. Auburn and Winthrop Streets.² His neighbor on the north was Governor Dudley's son, Samuel, and on the south, the bookseller Hezekiah Usher, who moved to Boston in 1645. About opposite his house was the first meeting-house. His school stood on the west side of Holyoke Street, about half way between Mt. Auburn Street and Massachusetts Avenue.³ The lot was owned in 1642 by Henry Dunster, President of the College at that time, and contained a house in which it is probable that the school was first conducted. In 1647 a school-house was erected on the same lot; and the agreement between Henry Dunster and Edward Goff on the one side and Nicholas Wyeth and others, masons, on the other, is printed in Paige's "History of Cambridge."

Keeping school in Cambridge in these early days was evidently an unprofitable occupation, and in order to retain Mr. Corlet's services, both the town and the Colony from time to time helped him out with grants. The earliest notice of such a grant is in 1648,⁴ when it "was agreed at a meeting of the whole town, that there should be land sold off the Common for the gratifying of Mr. Corlet

¹ Foster, *Alumni Oxonienses, 1500-1714*, 1891, I. 329.

² For particulars in regard to Corlet's dwelling-place and in regard to his family and descendants, I am indebted to Mrs. Isabella M. Gozzaldi, who has made a careful study of such points.

³ Paige, *History of Cambridge*, 1877, p. 370.

⁴ Records of the town of Cambridge (1630-1703), 1901, p. 77.

for his pains in keeping a school in the town, the sum of ten Pounds, if it can be attained, provided it shall not prejudice the cow common." In 1654 it was voted¹ to levy about forty pounds for the encouragement of the grammar-school master, but two months later the levy was reduced to twenty pounds, to be "given to Mr. Corlet for his present encouragement to continue with us." In 1662² "the townsmen, taking into their consideration the equity of allowance to be made to Mr. Corlet for his maintenance of a grammar school in this town, especially considering his present necessity by reason of the fewness of his scholars, do order and agree that Ten Pounds be paid to him out of the public stock of the town." In 1664³ it was voted that he "be allowed and paid out of the town rate annually Twenty Pounds for so long as he continue to be school-master in this place." The General Court was also persuaded to supplement the grants made by the town, in order that grammar-school education should be maintained and encouraged. In 1659 the following is found in the records of the Colony:⁴

"In answer to the petition of Daniel Weld and Elijah Corlett, school-masters, the Court, considering the usefulness of the petitioners in an employment of so common concernment for the good of the whole country, and the little encouragement that they have had from their respective towns for their service and unwearied pains in that employment, do judge meet to grant to each of them two hundred acres of land, to be taken up adjoining to such lands as have been already granted and laid out by order of this Court."

The two hundred acres of land granted at this time were afterwards laid out in the town of Sudbury.⁵ In 1661⁶ he was authorized by the General Court to purchase land from an Indian in satisfaction of a debt of £7. 10, and in settling this claim a farm of three hundred and twenty acres was laid out at the north end of Nepnap Hill.⁷ In 1668 Corlet was again a petitioner to the General Court for assistance, and it is recorded:⁸

¹ Records of the town of Cambridge (1630-1703), 1901, p. 106.

² *Ibid.*, p. 138.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 153.

⁴ Records of Massachusetts Bay, edited by N. B. Shurtleff, 1854, IV. (1), p. 397.

⁵ *Ibid.*, vol. iv (2), p. 16.

⁶ *Ibid.*, vol. iv (2), p. 6.

⁷ *Ibid.*, vol. iv (2), p. 284.

⁸ *Ibid.*, vol. iv (2), p. 406.

"In answer to the petition of Mr. Elijah Corlet, the Court having considered of the petition, and being informed the petitioner to be very poor, and the country at present having many engagements to satisfy, judge meet to grant him five hundred acres of land where he can find it, according to law."

This land was laid out at the southern end of Lake Quinsigamond, in Worcester County. The Boston and Albany railroad, as it crosses the lower end of the lake, doubtless crosses this grant. The land was afterwards sold to the grandfather of Henry Flint, who was for so many years a tutor in Harvard College, and the pond was thereafter called for a long time "Flint's Pond."¹

Corlet married Barbary Cutter, who came over to this country with her mother, Elizabeth Cutter, a widow, and two brothers, William and Richard. The mother was a member of Corlet's family up to the time of her death in 1662. He had three children. Ammi Ruhamah,² who graduated at Harvard College in 1670, taught school at Plymouth for a year or two, was afterwards a Fellow of the College, but died of the smallpox while still an officer of the College, 1st February, 1679. The older daughter, born August 14, 1644, probably died young; the other, Hepzibah, married, first, James Minott, 2d May, 1673, and afterwards Daniel Champney. By the first husband she had one daughter, Mary, who was living unmarried in 1723; and by the second a daughter, Hepzibah, born 23d June, 1627, who probably died in 1715. Hepzibah, the granddaughter of Elijah Corlet, married Jonathan Wyeth, and had two children who lived to marry, — Jonathan, who married Sarah Wilson and had twin boys and twin girls; and Deborah, who married Daniel Prentice and lived where the Botanic Garden is now. They had a son, Samuel Prentice, who was a minute-man at Lexington, and married Mary Todd in 1782.

A few words must be added in regard to the author of the "Elegy," Nehemiah Walter,³ who became a minister highly esteemed

¹ Mass. Hist. Soc. Proceedings, 1867-1869, 1st series, X. 137-139.

² Sibley, Biog. sketches of graduates of Harvard Univ., 1881, II. 319-320.

³ The source of nearly all our information concerning Walter is the biographical preface by Thomas Prince and Thomas Foxcroft in the edition of his "Discourses on the whole LVth Chapter of Isaiah," published in 1755, five years after his death.

in the Colony. Born in Ireland in 1663, but of English parentage, he came to New England in 1679. At the age of thirteen he is said to have readily conversed in Latin.¹ He had been apprenticed to an upholsterer in 1674, but it was found that his tastes were altogether literary. After coming to this country, he was at first placed under Ezekiel Cheever, the Boston schoolmaster, but entered College almost immediately, in 1680. He was Butler in 1683, and

ERRATUM.

In Proceedings I, page 16, line 2, for the word "Brattle" substitute the word "Batchelder."

Please insert this slip in Proceedings I at page 16.

Cambridge. In 1680 he was Eliot in Roxbury, then eighty-four years old. His people in Roxbury, and Eliot himself, showed a deep affection for him, and the liveliest satisfaction at having secured him for their minister. Walter continued as the minister of the church in Roxbury up to 1750, so that his ministry and Eliot's together covered a period of one hundred and eighteen years. He was for many years a member of the Corporation of Harvard College, and sided with Increase Mather, his father-in-law. After Mather's exclusion from the presidency, he attended no more meetings of the Corporation, and was considered to have abdicated his office.

Although little can be said for the excellence of Walter's Elegy as a piece of literature, it is notable as being without doubt the

¹ Prince and Foxcroft state that at this early age (in Ireland) he often had an opportunity of conversing in Latin "with Popish Scholars in his Neighbourhood, who had learnt to speak it rather more fluently, by Rote; and in his Disputes with them, he found it a singular Advantage to him, that he had such frequent Occasion to tax them of false Grammar, and cou'd cite them to the Rule; which serv'd to put them to the Blush, or at least bring them to a Pause, and to give him Leisure to recollect his Thoughts."

² Prince and Foxcroft's Preface, p. iv.

earliest piece of blank verse produced in America. Our fathers in New England turned their hands readily to verse, especially to the composition of funeral verse; but so far as I can learn, every other production of the American muse before Walter's time, and for many years after, was in rhyme. Walter alone thought it "not convenient to dance upon his hearse in jingling rhyme," but found it more becoming to employ "metrically ordered mournful steps."

AN ELEGIACK VERSE,

On the Death

Of the *Pious* and *Profound* GRAMMARIAN and RHETORICIAN,

Mr. *ELIJAH CORLET*,

SCHOOL-MASTER of CAMBRIDGE, Who Deceased Anno *Ætatis* 77. Feb. 24. 1687.

On *Roman* Feet my stumbling *Muse* declines
To walk unto his Grave, lest by her Fall
She trespass, in accosting of his Head
With undeserved breach. In jingling *Rythme*
She thinks it not convenient to Dance
Upon his Sacred Herse; but *mournful* Steps
If Metrically order'd, she computes
The most becoming of this Tragick Scene.

Could Heav'ns *ignific Ball* (whose boundless Womb
Millions of flaming *Ætna's* does ingulf)
From Candle's dull and oleaginous
Transfused Beams, a glowing *Atom* draw,
Which might a super-added Lustre give
Unto its conick Rayes; then might our Verse
Swell with impregnant *hopes* of bringing forth
Some rich Display of *Corlet's* Vertues rare.
But this *Herculean* Labour forc'd we deem
Not second to *Impossibilities*.
This presses hard our tim'rous heart whence flows
A Torrent of amazing Fears, whose *Waves*
Bode Universal *Deluge* to that Verse
That dares pretend to equalize his *Fame*.
Creep then, poor *Rythmes*, and like a *timid Hare*

Encircle his rich Vault, then gently *squatt*
 Upon his Grave the Center there proclaim
 Tho' he *subside*, yet his abounding Worth
 Does infinitely *supersede* thy *Layes*

Tell to the World what Dowries Nature show'd
 Into his large capacious Soul; almost
 Profuse in large Donations; yet kind Art
 Still adds unto the store, striving to reach
Perfection's Top, during a *mortal* state.
 Sagacious Nature, provident that nought
 Of her dispensed bounty frustrate prove,
 Boils up this *Font of Learning* to an head,
 Which over-topping of its Banks she glides
 Through Nature's *Conduit-pipes* into the Soil
 Of tender *Youth*, which gaping sucks it in,
 Like thirsty *Stars* Bright *Phebus's* liquid *light*.
 A *Master of his Trade*, whose Art could *square*
Pillars of rooted *strength* whose shoulders might
 A Common-Wealth uphold. *Aholiab*-like
 Divinely qualifi'd with curious Skill
 To carve out *Temple* work, and cloath the *Priest*
 With sacred Robes, adapted for the Use
 Of Functions so divine. —————

Rivers of *Eloquence* like *Nectar* flow'd
 From his Vast Ocean, where a *Tully* might
 Surfeit with draughts of *Roman* Eloquence.
 Immortal *Oakes* (whose *golden mouth* ne're blew
 A blast deff'd with indisposed Speech)
 Suspecting his own parts, rarely pronounc'd
 His *Ciceronean* lines, until they'd touch'd
 This *Lydius Lapis* CORLET: then approv'd
 They're *Eloquence* proof esteem'd, and challeng'd
 The *Roman* tribe of Orators to spend
 Their subtilty, and pierce their *Eagle's* Eyes
 Into their very bottom. —————

Had *Grecian* Dialect and *Roman* Tongue
 Surviv'd this Age within their native Soyl,
 Endless had been their Feud; *Athens* and *Rome*
 Had set their *Tully's* and *Demosthenes* to fight
 With Swords brandish'd with shining *Eloquence*

For to decide the Controverse, and prove
 To whom by right Great CORLET did pertain.
 This proving unsuccessful, nought can quench
 Their flaming zeal, save by (*Colossos* like)
 Erecting his large Statue, whose proud feet
 Might fix their Station on the Pinacles
 Of each of these *Metropolies* of Art.
 Nor were his Parts exclusive of his *Zeal*
 In serving his rich Donor. No Serpent
 Bearing a fulgent Jewel in his Crest,
 While cursed Poison steeps his venom'd heart.
 But *Grace* the Crown of all shone like a Sun.
 Fix't in the Center of that *Microcosm*.
 Blown to the full, perfum'd with sacred smell,
 This flower *Heaven* pluckt. When *Natures* Tree
 Too feeble grown to bear such ponderous fruit
Elijah's Chariot born on *Seraph's* wings,
 Mounts with this Treasure to the port of *Bliss*.

Sic mæstus cecinit

NEHEMIAH WALTER.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON read the following Paper :

CAMBRIDGE EIGHTY YEARS SINCE

THE following paper is made up of extracts from letters of my mother, in the form of a diary, addressed to one of my elder brothers who had lately sailed — on Oct. 13, 1827 — for Rio Janeiro on commercial business. She was the wife of the “Steward and Patron” — the latter being a position held by my father, but now abolished — of Harvard College in Cambridge; and they resided in the house built for him by the college on his appointment to the office. It is still standing, though now much enlarged, at the head of Kirkland Street, being occupied by its owner, Charles F. Batchelder, Esq. She was the mother of ten children, of whom I was the youngest, being less than four years old at the time of her writing, and she had also the care of two step-daughters, both of whom were to her as her own.

It must be remembered that the whole population of Cambridge

at the period of these letters was less than six thousand, divided into three villages of which "Old Cambridge" — the part containing the college buildings — was but one. It must also be borne in mind that the communication with Boston was by stage, and that the habits were in many respects different from what they now are; this being noticeable, for instance in the observance of New Year's Day as the chief annual festival, instead of Christmas Day as now. All the extracts have been arranged chronologically, beginning with one or two which show the general occupations of a Cambridge lady's day at that time.

Oct. 22, 1827. I sent off a great packet to you this morning, which I earnestly hope may reach you, though I have some doubts. How I wish I could look in upon you and know exactly how you are situated, how you are doing and how you feel. . . . I have been into town today with Anna to carry Ann Lincoln. I dined at Dr. Jackson's and called afterwards at Grandfather's where I saw a cheerful party assembled around the dinner table; Aunt and Uncle Tyng, Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, Francis and Anna in addition to the family. . . . We came home and have been quietly seated at our work since, only interrupted by little W——'s rampant spirits before he went to bed. He spells to me every night in sister's little book. Last night he read "God Reigns." He looked up at me and asked, "What does God do with the reins?"

Wednesday, Oct. 24. Another busy, active day — after breakfast I sallied out to visit the sick. Our good friend Mr. Hastings the carpenter is quite ill with fever. I went to offer my services to aid and assist his wife in her trouble. I found that he was somewhat relieved, though still very sick and likely to be for some time — his pretty wife and children quite comfortable — from thence to see poor little Charley [Parsons] who is very weak, though convalescent — then up to Mrs. Norton's, who is quite well with her little girls — and all agreeable — by the time I got back it was near twelve. I found Mrs. Bradford here — she had walked out from Boston. A short call from Aunt Stearns to ask for some grapes for a sick man — which Aunt N. is commissioned to get tonight. Susan Channing drove up — she had brought Grandmother C. to see Mr. Ellery, and stops for Anna to go up and see

Mary Wells with her. On her return she took in Aunt Nancy [Storow] to spend the day — Aunt Susan is to have Miss Roche there tonight and some other friends; and father and Martha and Aunt N. were all engaged to join the party — After dinner Mrs. Bradford came for me to take her down to the bridge and when I returned and was just going to sit down quietly with little W——, Mrs. Dwight and her children drove up — a very pleasant visit from them and before they had gone Mrs. Salisbury and daughter came in — they staid a while and then came Mr. [Jared] Sparks who entertained me with talk about Mr. Hall [Basil Hall the English traveller] whom he thinks a free hearted, generous, fine spirited fellow, rough and blunt, and somewhat conceited and dictatorial — but exceedingly desirous of getting the most accurate information about the country for the purpose of making a book which Mr. S. says will be the best book ever written about us, though from a droll story Mr. S. tells us about him I should fear he would sometimes take up with hasty information. He said at some place that the Americans had plays acted in their churches, and that they began with prayer. Andrew Belknap, who boarded with them, told this to Miss Isabella Cochran, who, desirous that Captain Hall should not remain in such error, and wishing to vindicate us from such a charge, resolved to correct it. She met him at Mrs. Boott's and asked him how he could say such a thing — he told her it was certainly true and offered to appeal to some gentleman present for the truth of his assertion — he unfortunately pitched upon Mr. [President] Quincy, who is often in a dreamy mood, particularly in parties. “Mr. Quincy, is it not true that the Americans act plays in churches and introduce them by prayer?” “Ah, yes,” said Mr. Quincy, not in the least knowing what he said — “There no [w]” said the Captain [Hall], “you hear what this gentleman says.” However, Miss C. [Cochran] would not rest, so she forced Mr. Quincy to understand himself, and Captain Hall to be undeceived — and it was explained in this way. Many country villages have their school examinations where sometimes they add also exhibitions, conducted in their churches, where they are always prefaced by prayer — hence arose this amusing mistake. We have, that is Anna and I have, had an evening alone with the children who have been studying their lessons diligently — and

then reading. . . . Thacher's [aged nine] desire for a farmer's life increases, though he seems more fond of books. He raves at Waldo [aged thirteen] for being a gentleman, and usually denounces him as a thundering dandy—he overpowers Waldo and so indeed he does all of us. It is irresistible to hear him scold. . . . W is becoming very literary and there is no bounds to his goodness. . . . Well I wish the folks would come home for I have been up ever since six o'clock and am tired and sleepy—Adieu. [In one day eleven different visitors!]

Thursday, Oct. 25—Stayed at home all the morning quietly sewing, and for a wonder without visitors. Just before dinner I went in to see little Charles [Parsons] who is still very feeble—he is a dear little boy and I longed to have him for my own to take care of. [She having already borne ten children of her own.]. . . Judge C—— of Augusta is remarkable for cowardice, stinginess and folly in general. He once met with a pair of saddle bags in the road—which he picked up and carried home—leaving word at the tavern where it might be found. After some time a man appeared as the owner and the Judge told him he would not think of charging him anything for his trouble—“Thank you Judge, I am very much obliged to you—but Judge—there was a leg of Mutton in the saddle bags”—“True,” said the Judge, “but that would not keep, so I ate it—” “Thank you Sir,” rejoined the man, “I ought to be very thankful that you did not eat the Saddle Bags.”

Friday, Nov. 16, 1827. I have pleasant news to communicate tonight—I received a note from Mr. Norton this afternoon announcing the birth of a fine Son—this you may be sure filled us all with joy, and I doubt not the parents are as much delighted as it is possible. Nothing could be so delightful to them—I long to see the little baby and shall go tomorrow to try for a sight of it. I pray Heaven its little life may be spared and that it may be an honour and blessing to his family.

Saturday, Nov. 17—I had the pleasure this morning of seeing young Mr. Norton [now Professor C. E. Norton], a pretty, sweet baby as can be—little darling, I was truly thankful to see him sleeping by his dear mother—the little girls having the whooping cough are not allowed to see their little brother for some weeks. That is a disappointment to their mother as she is likewise pre-

vented from seeing them and cannot be separated from the baby. . . . Lucy Channing has had the pleasure of walking up and down Chestnut street with Miss Emily Marshall — a distinguished honor which she no doubt feels. [Miss Marshall was the mother of the late Mrs. Samuel Eliot, and was the beauty of Boston in her day. Both Willis and Percival wrote acrostic sonnets about her.]

Sunday, Nov. 18. This evening Mr. Cole and George Bradford have been to see us. The latter told us rather a horrible story that happened to Lucy Payne. Mr. L—— has been, it seems, much in love with her, and certainly he took an odd way of showing it. He went to see her one evening last week, and after spouting poetry and acting in a very passionate way, he took up a handkerchief and asked whose it was. She told him it was Sturgis's, upon which he threw it to the other side of the room. She then took it up and put it round her neck, upon which he went behind her, took the two ends of the handkerchief, and pulling them tight round her throat, tied them in a knot. She at first thought it was a joke, but feeling that she was choking, tried to untie it — she found she could not and called to him to do it, and he went quietly and untied it! She thought it would not do to leave him, but still continued in the room, and by-and-by she cast her eye round and saw him pointing his finger at her throat. She asked him what he was about and he said he was only seeing how easily he could strangle her. Upon this she thought she could bear it no longer, and went out of the room — it seems to me as if the man must be crazy. I should think the insane hospital was the best place for him. What is to be the result of this business I know not. Mr. Lyman, I understand, is to take the matter into his own hands.

Thursday, Nov. 27. . . . I am still deeply engaged in Scott's "Life of Bonaparte" — I have got my hero out of Russia after the fatal and wicked campaign — and most truly do I agree with Mr. Channing's excellent review of his character — a cold-hearted, selfish wretch, sacrificing everything dear and precious to his vain and unprincipled ambition. I can have no sympathy with such a monster — what do you think, my son? Richard Dana has sent out a little volume of poetry, some of which has a good deal of merit, but showing a gloomy, morbid state of feeling like all his writings.

Tuesday, Dec. 4. A very quiet happy day though a storm, engaged in making my little boy's clothes all day, while he by my side, reading or playing, has been my comfort and delight; he begins to read in Mrs. Barbauld's "Lessons," and this, considering he is not yet four years old, is doing very well — he has been part of the time catching fish "in 'ahant" [Nahant], firing his bow and arrow and bounding his ball — and this afternoon he made a visit to Grandpapa Mellen's — he has entirely got over his cold, and seems quite like himself, as playful and good as possible. . . . Between daylight and dark he plays Waldo [an elder brother, aged thirteen] is his Custard Pudding, and after beating and stuffing him, he roasts him in the oven; then after supper he takes his books and generally spells a great deal, and I read to him.

Thursday, Dec. 13, 1827. This has been a day of variety and visitors. Cousin Eliza [Guild] left us with Elizabeth at eleven o'clock; soon after pretty Mrs. Webster called with Miss —, who is not so pretty; then Mr. Dwight and Miss Lowell; the latter stayed to dinner and was very entertaining. She is fixed at Mrs. Burr's this winter, and is extremely happy — everybody goes to see her, she is much attended to and highly amused. After she left us we had an unexpected and very pleasant call from Mr. and Mrs. [S. V. S.] Wilder — she as pretty as ever, and he very good humored and agreeable — he gave us a little touch of theology, but all pleasantly — he praised Louisa extremely [the younger daughter of the household], and seemed charmed with her looks. "The pride of the Hill," he calls her. W—— went in to make Charles Parsons a visit and returned enchanted with a little horse and wagon Charley had given him, so that he appeared in fine trim before the visitors, and was much more gracious than common. Nothing, however, takes him from his books, and he has been reading to me to-night a whole chapter of Mrs. Barbauld's "Lessons" without missing a word.

Monday, Dec. 17. — We are to have all the college gentlemen tomorrow evening, and it is a formidable undertaking. I wish it was well over. I shall have a load on my mind until it is past, and to make the matter worse, your father proposes that I should send for Mrs. President [Kirkland], also, which I think will be tremendous, but I suppose I must, and I trust I shall live through it. I

had a letter from Anna to-day, from Salem ; she is enjoying herself very much, but means to come home on Wednesday. Dr. Follen and Mr. Worcester have spent the evening with us, the former very agreeable.

Tuesday evening, Dec. 18. — Well, my dear Stephen, the dreaded evening is over and we are thankful enough, though it went off much better than I had any idea it would. I wrote a note to Mrs. Kirkland this morning and sent it over by Thacher [a boy of nine] who returned charmed with Mrs. K., “the cleverest woman,” he said — she gave him four pears, and took him into the parlor and talked to him a long while — she was likewise much pleased with him, she told me this evening he was a sweet boy. About half came that we expected, but among them your ancient friend Colonel Metcalf, and I assure you I longed to have you here, when I heard that well-known twang. Dr. Popkin came and Mrs. Kirkland attacked him with all her powers of attraction — he bore it manfully. We ladies sat in this back room and the gentlemen were introduced into the other. At nine o'clock we spread the table with cake, fruit and wine, and sent for them all in — then, I standing at the head of the table, received them all and began to help them to eat and drink. After satisfying their appetites, they all began talking in knots and it passed off very pleasantly. Mr. Sales was very gay and noisy — he kept Francis, Sam. Lothrop, and young Stearns, the tutor, in a roar the whole time. Thacher and Waldo behaved sweetly, going about and handing plates to the company ; T. particularly, who is not so much encumbered with modesty as his brother, is very pleasing. Susan T. [Tyng] and father talk of setting out tomorrow, but I hardly think they will make it out, on account of the weather ; as to me, I feel as if such a load was taken off my mind that I shall sleep sound tonight, I doubt not.

Thursday, Dec. 20. — . . . I have been quietly at home all day — and tonight I have been reading “Cyril Thornton” [by T. Hamilton], which everybody says is equal to Walter Scott . . .

Saturday, Dec. 22. — I did not write last night because I was reading “Cyril Thornton” till very late and had no eyes for writing. I am much disappointed in this book, it is defective in taste, interest and morality — and I am sorry it should have been so

highly recommended; it is said to be equal to Walter Scott, but it is no way comparable to that great genius; none of the fine touches of character, none of the delicate shades of sentiment—the style is coarse, many of the observations indelicate and the morality decidedly bad—I should be very unwilling that a young person should read it, that is, a young person whose principles were not formed. . . . Today we hear that the far-famed Miss Marshall has plighted her troth to Wm. Otis. I presume it is true and . . . no doubt she is pleased—for as she could not have a fortune she will be glad to marry into one of the first families in the country.

Monday, Dec. 24.—Today has been more comfortable than yesterday—but the house has been very cold. Susan Tyng and Elizabeth have been to dress the church all day. This afternoon I walked up to see Mrs. Norton; her young Son grows like a beech bird—The little girls have not yet seen their brother on account of having the whooping cough—he is to be named Charles Eliot—and so is Mrs. Guild's (son)—Anna and Francis have gone to a party at Mrs. Anna Cabot's given by Miss Elizabeth—I have had rather a tired, confused sort of day—not working to much profit, though working—tomorrow I hope I shall do better.

Tuesday, Dec. 25.—Christmas day—There has been a deal of moving today, though I have been stationary. The boys with James Park and Sam walked into town to go to Church—Mr. H. went down to Lechmere Point dedication and dined with the minister. Susan Tyng walked into town and Aunt Nancy expected to go but she was disappointed—Mrs. Norton not calling as she thought she would. Anna staid at home with me and we have had a quiet day. E. and M. [Elizabeth and Martha] both being at home—Louisa and W—— Thacher expended the amount of 6 cents for W. in a little book and with two remaining cents he bought some candy for Aunt Nancy's cold—this is a fine little fellow, my Son—I never knew a child superior to him in generosity, disinterestedness and sweetness of temper: he is truly a charming child and will I am sure if his life is prolonged prove an honor and blessing to his family—Waldo is of a different stamp, more like Francis, and we have always expected more of him—but though sensible, correct and refined in feeling and character—I think he

will not be before Thacher in anything interesting or commendable.

[Of these boys, Waldo was in maturity well known as president of the Arkwright Insurance Company in Boston, and for many years a prominent Harvard overseer; while Thacher was lost at sea in early manhood.]

Wednesday, Dec. 26. — Today we have had many interlopers. Susan T. thought she should have a very quiet day but from breakfast time we had continued calls — at dinner we had your friend Bobby, who was so kind as to remain half the afternoon. This evening E. and Susan have been at Mr. Norton's and Mr. Worcester has blessed us all the morning; I was engaged in stewing apples — Aunt N. and Anna ironing — this afternoon I have been working and have read nothing all day except my Bible and that not so much as I like. Anna is a very good girl I must say that for her. Francis goes to three parties tomorrow where the Channings are likewise going and she not invited tonight, they were going to the theatre. She wanted sadly to go — but she did not say one word and really prefers staying at home working to anything else — though she enjoys parties enough — She had a very good time at Mrs. Cabots. [It will be observed that no presents were interchanged until New Year's Day.]

Thursday, Dec. 27. — A snowstorm which disappointed the three Ladies of going into town. This morning Anna made some apple pyes for the first time — we have not been very agreeable to-day. I have had a cold and been rather cross. One hour has been pleasant enough while the children were playing under the sideboard — they were bears, lions, monkeys, Kangaroos, jerboas, &c. Thacher got angry because I told him not to frighten W——, roaring like a Lion — and went off to the window in disgust — the other children tried to get him back and sent W—— the Kangaroo to call him. "The monkey's sick and wants you to come and doctor her." "I won't go," says T. to Aunt N. "I shall have an all fired jawing if I do." However the little kangaroo conquered him, and he went off and doctored with all his might — Anna desires me to tell you she has got a new gown, and expects to look sublime in it. It is a red striped calico morning gown.

Friday, Dec. 28. — . . . tonight we have all been playing at

“question and answer” — the children have all been engaged with us and have been very merry, and on the whole I have reason to be very thankful for a happy day, in which health and cheerfulness and peace and harmony have prevailed without interruption or disturbance.

Tuesday, Jan. 1, 1828. — A happy New year to you, my dear Boy. I awoke this morning with the joyous shouts of the children — all clamorous with their good wishes. Waldo and Thacher hung up their socks and when I went into Aunt N’s chamber, Thacher was capering away in great style about his “bunkum” book — Louisa too with her little Milton given by Aunt Nancy was very happy — and little W. has had books and gifts enough — a large cow and milkmaid from the Miss Nortons and a volume of Mrs. Barbauld’s Lessons, in which he reads as well as I can, and a beautiful little dissected map, all of which have made him supremely happy. Mrs. Norton sent Waldo, Thacher and Louisa books and Mrs. Guild and cousin Eliza [Guild] sent Louisa French books — it has not after all been a very brilliant day with us — we wanted our Stephen. Anna went into town this afternoon to Mrs. Lee’s party — and Francis has gone to Mrs. Sullivan’s.

Monday, Jan. 7, 1828. — . . . There has been a town meeting of Dr. Holmes’s parish to induce the good man to give up some of his straightlaced notions — particularly to exchange as he used to do with the liberal clergy, — Mr. Abraham Hilliard and Mr. Whipple on the liberal side and Wm. Hilliard [the bookseller]. Mr. Frank Dana made a very eloquent speech in favour of liberal notions, but I am too sleepy for any more — Adieu. [This was preliminary to the division of the Congregational church into the two churches now presided over by Rev. Dr. McKenzie and Rev. Dr. Crothers.]

Wednesday, Jan. 9. — . . . We have had the last novel of Scott, the “Chronicles of the Canongate,” and I think it is a sad falling off, for our great friend; it is so unlike his former works that I should not think it written by the same person — and I do hope he will yet retrieve his reputation by a better book — before he closes his literary career. The last North American is very entertaining — then there are souvenirs, Forget-me-nots, Bijou’s innumerable — some of them beautiful — others pretty silly.

Friday, Jan. 25. — Aunt Nancy desires me to give her love to

you and tell you she has been spending the day at Mr. Norton's and that Mr. N. inquired very kindly for you. I have been engaged the major part of the day in reading "The Red Rover," which I think a very original and extremely entertaining work, the interest is constantly kept up by new and curious incident and fine description — W—— has been very sweet; he bids fair to be a great scholar and talks with great fluency about "the Atlantic Gocian" and all the states by name.

Saturday, Feb. 2. — . . . Today, having an errand in town, I rode in with Martha and walked directly out again though the ground was covered with snow. I do not mind the walk at all, and though I found it far from pleasant, I feel very little fatigue — almost the only thought I had in coming out was that you had so often come over the same ground. I came the Clark road [now Broadway] and find it much the shortest. There is something in the exercise of walking that prevents me from much thought — I believe my bodily powers must be in a state of rest to promote any powerful action on my mental ones — they do not both together seem capable of strong exercise. I have often observed that my thoughts were more vivid and distinct in the night than at any other time. I attribute it partly to the entire rest of the body — but this human mind is a strange machine and nothing is more surprising to me than the versatility of its powers, the power of flying from one set of ideas to others of a precisely opposite quality — what a happiness it is and how may it be improved to promote and extend human happiness.

Wednesday, Feb. 6. — We have been highly amused with W—— to-night — he has lately got a wood pencil which pleases him much — and he has been drawing a great deal with it — he told Jim Parke this afternoon he could draw the "Possum up the gum tree" — this evening I told him to — he made some marks on the paper and then showed them to me saying as he pointed, "there 's the possum up the gum tree, there 's the raccoon in the hollow, there 's catch him up my boy, there 's give him half a dollar," this indication of genius excited universal acclamation — as does likewise his knowledge of geography — it is really curious to hear him going over all the names of places, States, lakes, rivers, etc., on his map — it pleases him exceedingly and he is as regular as clock work in all his operations.

He reads every night and looks at his map till he is sleepy — you would find him much improved, I think — he shows great quickness in acquiring.

Friday, Feb. 8. — . . . W—— has had a bad cold to-day — he went to school this morning being a very bright fine day — this afternoon he has seemed rather more hoarse but I trust he will not be sick — he has been charmed with a pair of India rubbers that Aunt Nancy brought him from town, and also with a rabbit. It was funny enough to see him with this last — Aunt N shoved it toward him on the table while he was reading, and all the children stood round the table waiting impatiently till he looked up and saw it — but it was sometime before he could leave his reading. When he did the change in his little face repaid us all for our expectation — he was in ecstasies, to be sure, but notwithstanding his transports he went through all his usual occupations, which are reading, looking at the map, and putting together his dissected map; he is the most methodical little thing and the dearest and best little boy in the world.

Wednesday, Feb. 12. — This is the third day of windy cold weather; it is beginning now to moderate but it has been tremendous. I have not been able to let W—— go out to-day, though he is much better, and quite well enough to go out if the weather was fit. Let me see what I have done to-day — why, after breakfast I cleaned my room most violently; that took me an hour — then I came down and found Susan Tyng reading Mr. Everett's speech which she would give me a screed of; then I sat down and read my Bible — then Locke's Commentary — heard W—— read and say his "gography," then took up Miss Kinders' little book and between that and "Conversation" whiled away the morning till dinner time, not feeling smart enough to do much else. . . . Francis [the eldest son] is writing a review of "Cyril Thornton." Martha is composing a letter to Miss Dix. Father is writing ministerial letters [i. e., letters to clergymen], Aunt N., E. and Anna are working. . . . So goodbye, my love.

Saturday, Feb. 16. — I dreamt about poor Mrs. Leonard all night and this morning after breakfast I went over to see her again. I found her still very ill and brought home with me her little boy of three years old, stopping at Farwell's to get a gown for him — for

his poor mother did not like to have him come on account of his shabby dress. The little fellow has been some trouble and a good deal of amusement to us — he is a spirited, self-willed boy and quite disposed to domineer over W——. He took the wheel-barrow, filled it with blocks, and would not let W—— touch it, saying, in his playful way — “Get long away, Tom.” We made him his new gown which pleased him mightily. W—— is pulled down a good deal with his cold — not being able to go out makes him irritable.

March 6th. — I am in momentary expectation of letters from you, which I hear from Frank Dana have arrived in town from Monte Video. Father is in town and will bring them out. It would amuse you to see W—— describe your course on the map — he points with his little finger to Rio Janeiro — then he says “down to Atlantic to Monte Video at the mouth of the River La Plata, down the Atlantic, round Cape Horn, up the Pacific to Valparaiso” — he learns a little more geography every day. I have still been engaged in the arduous duty of mantua making which is the most tiresome of all employments — but I have almost got through. We have got hold of a famous Review of German Literature in the Edinburgh — which makes a great noise but seems to me to be more sound than sense — Dr. Channing and the blues are all in admiration of it — it is written by Mr. McAuley [Macaulay] the author of a Review of Milton which appeared some time since in the same work —

Thursday, March 20. — . . . W—— is still at home and the young gentleman has become somewhat troublesome, he will have incessant and devoted attention or he is not satisfied. . . . We have a gang of girls here this afternoon to tea. Susan & Lucy, Nancy Perkins, Susan H. and Miss Sarah A—— who is too white and fat: and in the evening in came Waldo Emerson, Motte, and your friend Bobby Walcutt who always comes when Susan H. is here. I am tired to death and long for rest to mind and body.

[With this arrival of Ralph Waldo Emerson upon the scene, who had taught school in Cambridge and was only just “approbated to preach,” these extracts from a faithful mother’s diary may well close.]

At the conclusion of Colonel Higginson’s address, the meeting was dissolved.

THE SIXTH MEETING

THE SIXTH MEETING of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held on the twenty-second day of January, nineteen hundred and seven, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in the building of the Cambridge Latin School, Trowbridge Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The Third Vice-President, ARCHIBALD M. HOWE, presided.

The Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

On behalf of the Committee On Sketches of Noted Citizens of Cambridge, STEPHEN P. SHARPLES read the following paper :

NATHANIEL JARVIS WYETH

Born, Cambridge, January 29, 1802; died, Cambridge, Aug. 31, 1856.

Son of Jacob Wyeth. Married, Jan. 29, 1824, Elizabeth Jarvis Stone; born 1799; died Aug. 29, 1865. She was his cousin.

"He was one of the most active and energetic men ever born in Cambridge. About 1830 he led a band of adventurers across the Rocky Mountains to Oregon; after his return he engaged in the ice business at Fresh Pond, was one of the first shippers of that article to foreign or coastwise ports, and through life conducted that business with great skill and efficiency. He was not ambitious of public station, and held no municipal office except that of selectman, in 1843."

Such is the brief, unsatisfactory, and incorrect account given in "Paige's History of Cambridge" of a most remarkable man.

When I was a boy of perhaps a dozen years old, in searching over my father's library for something to read, I came across a book with the title, "Narrative of a Journey Across the Rocky Mountains to the Columbia River," by John K. Townsend. This book is often quoted as "Townsend's Narrative." As it was not a novel I was

allowed to read it. In this way I first became acquainted with the adventures of Nathaniel J. Wyeth, though at that time I was more interested in John K. Townsend, who was a relative of my father. He was a distinguished ornithologist and was among the first to describe the birds and animals of the Rocky Mountain region. It was not till years after that I discovered that this journey was the second that Wyeth made across the continent.

Townsend fixes the date of their journey, by his first sentence, as March, 1834. This work is much fuller of the details of the journey than Wyeth's diary, to which I shall refer later, and more nearly resembles in style Lewis and Clark's famous work. Townsend was a good observer, and gives much information in regard to the journey; unfortunately, in fording a river he lost part of his notes. The book has recently been republished in part.

In November, 1892, John A. Wyeth, M. D., of New York City, published in Harper's Magazine an article entitled "Nathaniel J. Wyeth and the Struggle for Oregon." At that time Dr. Wyeth had not seen "Townsend's Narrative," but he had in his possession Captain Wyeth's letters and diary. These letters and diary have since been published by the Oregon Historical Society, and are parts 8 to 6 of volume one of their journal.

The first published account of Captain Wyeth's expeditions was published in Cambridge in 1833. This was entitled, "Oregon, or a Short Account of a Long Journey from the Atlantic to the Region of the Pacific by Land, by John B. Wyeth, one of the party who left Mr. Nathaniel J. Wyeth, July 28, 1832, four days' march beyond the ridge of the Rocky Mountains, and the only one who has returned to New England." This little book has less than ninety pages. It was for years the only account of Captain Wyeth's expeditions to be found in the library of Harvard University.

This book was edited by Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse. It is very interesting as a moral essay on contentment. The doctor evidently had not the spirit of a pioneer, and could see no pleasure in roughing it. The author, John B. Wyeth, was a brother of the late Benjamin Wyeth, for many years sexton of the Shepard Memorial Church.

He evidently went on the expedition expecting to have an easy time, and as soon as he found that exploration meant hard work,

he gave it up and came back home, leaving the party at a time when it would have been much easier to have continued to the coast.

Washington Irving, in "Bonneville's Adventures," says of this expedition:

"This was a party of regular 'down-easters'; that is to say, people of New England, who, with the all-penetrating and all-pervading spirit of their race, were now pushing their way into a new field of enterprise with which they were totally unacquainted. The party had been fitted out and was maintained and commanded by Mr. Nathaniel Wyeth of Boston. This gentleman had conceived an idea that a profitable fishery for salmon might be established on the Columbia River and connected with the fur trade. He had accordingly invested capital in goods calculated, as he supposed, for the Indian trade, and had enlisted a number of eastern men in his employ who never had been in the far west, nor knew anything of the Wilderness."

This description of the men is correct, but the statement that they were in the employ of Captain Wyeth is incorrect. So far from being employed by Captain Wyeth, each member contributed his share towards the expenses of the expedition. This fact as much as any other one thing led to the failure of the expedition. While Captain Wyeth was nominally the head of the expedition, contributing more funds towards it than any other person, he yet had no actual authority, and the company was governed on the town meeting plan, with Captain Wyeth as moderator.

Irving continues:

"With these he was boldly steering his way across the continent, undismayed by danger and difficulty or distance, in the same way that a New England coaster and his neighbors will coolly launch forth on a voyage to the Black Sea or a whaling voyage to the Pacific. With all their national aptitude at expedient and resource, Wyeth and his men felt themselves completely at a loss when they reached the frontier and found that the wilderness required experience and habitudes of which they were totally deficient. Not one of the party excepting the leader had ever seen an Indian or handled a rifle; they were without guide or interpreter and totally unacquainted with woodcraft and the modes of making their way among savage hordes, and subsisting themselves during long marches over wild mountains and barren plains."

Chapters 41 and 42 of Bonneville are largely devoted to Captain Wyeth and his adventures. In summing up at the end of Bonneville, Irving says :

"Wyeth's enterprise was prosecuted with an intelligence, spirit, and perseverance that merited success. All the details that we have met with prove him to be no ordinary man. He appears to have the mind to conceive and the energy to execute extensive and striking plans. He had once more reared the American flag in the lost domains of Astoria, and had he been enabled to maintain the footing he had so gallantly effected, he might have regained for his country the opulent trade of the Columbia of which our statesmen have negligently suffered us to be dispossessed."

This account was published in 1843, but was evidently written some time previously.

Nathaniel J. Wyeth was born on the point which projects into Fresh Pond, at the end of Fresh Pond lane. Here his father for many years kept the Fresh Pond House, which he had built on land purchased from his father, Ebenezer Wyeth. The land was first in possession of the Wyeth family in 1751. For many years the Fresh Pond Hotel was one of the most celebrated resorts around Boston. Both Jacob and his nephew, Jonas Wyeth, found it a profitable place of business. Before railroads made New Hampshire accessible, it was a popular summer resort. After it ceased being used as a hotel it was used as a nunnery, and was finally confiscated by the city and moved off the point in order to protect the waters of Fresh Pond. The building now stands on the corner of Lake View avenue and Worthington street. The point on which the hotel stood now forms part of Kingsley Park. It seems to me that it would be well that the site of the old hotel should be marked in some way, and such a marker should commemorate the fact that this was the birthplace of Nathaniel J. Wyeth. Mr. Wyeth's early life was probably spent on the borders of the pond. He was among the first to engage in the business of cutting ice for export. In his letters he mentions the fact that Mr. Tudor has still a place for him. He is said to have invented much of the machinery used in cutting and storing ice. In the report of the tenth census of the United States, Mr. Hall says :

"Most of the modern improvements in facilities for cutting and storing ice are due to the inventive genius of Nathaniel Wyeth, the foreman of Mr. Tudor, and to John Barker, also in his employ; and it was owing to the first named of these progressive men that the old-fashioned vault was finally abandoned in favor of regular ice-houses, built first of brick and then of wood, and planted at the water's edge. Mr. Barker and Mr. Wyeth also invented a number of handy tools for use on the pond."

The Boston Transcript, in a notice of his death August, 1856, said:

"It is not perhaps too much to say that there is not a single tool or machine of real value now employed in the ice harvesting which was not originally invented by Mr. Wyeth. They all look to Fresh Pond as the place of their origin." "As one who laid open a new field of honorable industry" he was held "entitled to the rank of a public benefactor."

While this eulogy is not quite correct, as the Tudor Company started the business about the year that he was born, he undoubtedly did much to render it practical and profitable. Dr. Waterhouse, after describing the business of cutting ice on Fresh Pond, says:

"The only risk to which the ice merchant was liable was a blessing to most of the community; I mean the mildness of a winter that should prevent his native lake from freezing a foot or two thick. Our fishermen have a great advantage over the farmer in being exempt from fencing, walling, manuring, taxation, and dry seasons, and only need the expense of a boat, line, and hook, and the risk of life and health; but from all these the ice man is in a manner entirely exempted; and yet the captain of this Oregon expedition seemed to say, 'All this availeth me nothing, so long as I read books in which I find that by going about four thousand miles overland from the shore of our Atlantic to the shore of the Pacific, after we have there entrapped and killed the beavers and otters, we shall be able, after building vessels for the purpose, to carry our most valuable peltry to China and Cochin China, our seal skins to Japan, and our superfluous grain to various Asiatic ports.'"

The doctor's words are introduced here to show how unsafe it is to prophesy, as all Capt. Wyeth's most sanguine dreams have

come true. We have still living among us men who saw the visionary captain start on his long journeys, one of these as a boy saw the captain's wagon boats built at the blacksmith shop which stood 'neath the spreading chestnut tree on Brattle Street. He has lived to visit his son living on the shores of the Pacific, where he is Park Commissioner of the city of Seattle, in that region of which the doctor writes: "Had their expedition been to the warm climate of Africa, or to South America, they would have been sure of plenty to eat, but in the western region, between the Rocky mountains and the great river of the West, the case is far otherwise."

The salmon fishery that the captain hoped to establish has grown into a great business, and instead of the salmon feeding a few Indians on the banks of the Columbia, they are now served fresh in the very city from which the captain started.

Trains of cars are started daily from this coast laden with fruit for the East. Although he died a man in middle life, he lived to see Oregon organized as a territory, and now three wealthy States have been carved out of the land which Dr. Waterhouse did not think worth the trouble of acquiring.

The following paper was read by FRANKLIN PERRIN :

A FEW FACTS CONCERNING THE WASHINGTON HOME GUARD OF CAMBRIDGE

As is well known, the city of Cambridge was the first to present a volunteer military company for service in the Civil War. The early departure of other Cambridge companies left the city with only the small police force for protection against mobs. This led to the formation of a military company, which was called the Washington Home Guard, a drill-room for which was built, by private subscription, upon land in the rear of the Charles River National Bank, and belonging to Harvard University. This drill-room was dedicated May 29, 1862. Ex-Governor Washburn, who had been the leader in the formation of the company, presided. After a prayer, offered by Rev. John A. Albro, D. D., Governor Washburn gave the following toast: "The Washington Home Guard! Never forgetting the citizen, when acting the soldier, may they show, in their

example, that to be a good citizen is one of the best qualifications for being a good soldier." Joseph G. Coolidge, who had been chosen the first captain of the company, responded. Other speakers were Sidney Willard, Mayor Charles Theodore Russell, Hon. Richard H. Dana, and Rev. Mr. Harrington from Cambridgeport.

Sidney Willard, who had had military experience as a member of the First Corps of Cadets of Boston, fortunately offered his services as drill-master. The company was composed of citizens from all ranks, — Harvard professors, doctors, lawyers, merchants, mechanics, tradesmen, etc. Ex-Governor Washburn and Dr. Beck were privates, who were always present at the drills, which took place twice a week and sometimes oftener, so that, under the discipline of Sidney Willard, the company reached a state that led him to say that he was proud to take the company out on street parades.

After the drills, speeches in the drill-room were in order. These speeches, taken in connection with the military experience obtained, and the growing need of men at the front, led some of the members to enlist for the war. Sidney Willard himself enlisted as captain in the 35th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, of which regiment he became major. As he left us he was presented by the company with a silver pitcher as a slight token of their appreciation of his valuable services. This pitcher is still in the hands of the family. A new company was formed in Cambridge to go to the front, and of those from the Washington Home Guard who enlisted, one of the company (Hyatt) became the captain.

At the time of the draft-riots, Governor Andrew "requested" us to repair at once to the State Arsenal in Cambridge, bounded by Follen, Garden, and Chauncy Streets, to guard it from the mob, which it was feared would get control in Boston as it had in New York. The mob in Boston had already armed itself, to a certain extent, by breaking into hardware stores. At the State Arsenal there were many guns and rifles, as well as ammunition. That night our company, commanded then by Captain Isaac Bradford, was at the Arsenal grounds. During the night, Governor Andrew sent wagons to the Arsenal to convey muskets, rifles, and ammunition to the State House; these wagons were guarded on the way to Boston by a militia company that had been organized at Cambridgeport at about the time our company was formed. This com-

pany, which was commanded by Rev. Asa Bullard, was composed of many of the most prominent men of Cambridgeport; among them was Rev. John Ware. The next morning we marched back to the drill-room, where the Mayor, Charles Theodore Russell, had us sworn in as policemen, as we had not then been enrolled as a part of the State militia. We were to wound and kill members of the mob legally. After Mayor Russell addressed us, we marched again to the Arsenal, where we were on guard four days and nights, with loaded muskets and a brass cannon mounted on wheels and pointed at the gateway. When doing guard duty, I remember that Dr. Beck was on the beat south of me, and a Mr. Ross on the beat to the north. I refer to this because, during the second evening, Ross's son came to him in tears, saying, "Mother wishes you to come as soon as you can to protect her, as our house is threatened by a mob." Ross, taking a pistol from his pocket, replied, "My boy, my duty is here! Go back with this loaded revolver, and if any one attempts to enter the house, shoot him."

Shortly after our experience at the Arsenal, the company was re-organized, becoming the Twelfth Unattached of the State Militia, with Charles F. Walcott as captain. Now we were "ordered" by Governor Andrew to go into camp at Readville. Those who could not go were obliged to furnish substitutes. Before leaving the barracks we were addressed by Captain Walcott, who told us that we should now be under orders from the United States Government, and that Uncle Sam never took men conditionally, — that we were liable to go to the front at any time. Dr. Beck, who was called upon to speak, said that he had been obliged to leave his home and country (Germany) because of his desire for more liberty, and that none of us could appreciate the importance of the war so fully as he, and that he should go to the front if possible.

On reaching Readville, as we marched to our barracks, we were closely inspected by members of the other companies, who would occasionally intimate that we were a company of what would be called in these times "dudes." But, on discovering later that our barracks and surroundings would serve them as models of neatness; that there was no shirking when our men were put on "Cook's Guard;" that our Sergeant Vaughan, when a private of one of their companies was insubordinate, put him in irons and in the guard-

house; that we could beat them at foot ball and other games, they learned to respect us. To our great regret the United States Surgeon refused to accept Dr. Beck. The next day, when he reluctantly left us, we escorted him to the station, where in tears he bade us good-bye.

There were batteries at the Point at Provincetown, manned by a company which was sent to the front, and we were ordered there to take its place. Here the drilling and sea air fitted us so well for active service that we offered ourselves as a company to the Governor to be sent to the front. The parents of some of the students who were in our ranks, learning this, interceded with Governor Andrew, and prevailed upon him to let us remain until the close of our first enlistment of 90 days, when Captain Walcott and some other members of our company enlisted for further service.

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART read a paper on "Colonial Pirates and Privateers."

At the conclusion of Professor Hart's address the meeting was dissolved.

THE SEVENTH MEETING

THE SEVENTH MEETING — a Special Meeting called by the Council — of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held the twenty-seventh day of February, nineteen hundred and seven, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, Massachusetts, for the purpose of celebrating the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON presided.

The meeting was open to the public.

Among the invited guests were many persons distinguished in literature, science, and public life, including the Governor of the Commonwealth, the Mayor of the City, Julia Ward Howe, George W. Cable, Sarah Orne Jewett, Owen Wister, William James, and William Watson Goodwin. There were also present two of the daughters of the poet, Alice M. Longfellow and Annie Allegra Thorp, and his eleven living grandchildren.

The printed programme was as follows : —

PROGRAMME.

OPENING ADDRESS . . . The Chairman, CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

LETTERS FROM EMINENT PERSONS.

ADDRESS THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

CANTATA, "The Village Blacksmith," CHORUS FROM THE CAMBRIDGE

Music by CHARLES F. NOYES.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Accompanied by the Orchestra of the Cambridge Latin School.

ADDRESS CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT.

POEM THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

In the absence of Mr. Aldrich on account of illness, his poem will be read by

CHARLES TOWNSEND COPELAND.

ADDRESS WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

In the absence of Mr. Howells on account of illness, his paper will be read by

BLISS PERRY.

The LONGFELLOW CENTENARY EXHIBITION of rare editions, manuscripts, portraits, and other memorabilia, will be open free to the public in the Cambridge Room of the Cambridge Public Library, Broadway, Cambridge, each day from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. of the week beginning February 25, 1907.

OPENING ADDRESS OF CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN : Forty years ago to-day the *Boston Daily Advertiser* contained some verses addressed to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow on his birthday. They were signed with the initials of his neighbor, friend, and brother-poet, Lowell, and the second stanza of them ran as follows :

“ With loving breath of all the winds his name
Is blown about the world, but to his friends
A sweeter secret hides behind his fame,
And Love steals shyly through the loud acclaim
To murmur a *God bless you!* and there ends.”

The poem contained a prophecy, of the fulfilment of which this meeting is one of the many signs :

“ Surely if skill in song the shears may stay
And of its purpose cheat the charmed abyss,
He shall not go, although his presence may,
And the next age in praise shall double this.”

In another month that benignant presence will have been gone from us for twenty-five years, — a quarter of a century in which there have been many fluctuations in current taste in literature, and in which the competition of authors seeking for popular favor has been keener than ever before. Many have had their little day of sunshine; few have out-lived a single short summer. But all this while there has been no change in the hold of Longfellow on the hearts of men, and to-day justifies Lowell's prophecy that the next age should double the praise which his own had lavished upon him.

But I will leave to others to set forth the charm of poems “ which, long as our modern usage shall endure, shall make forever dear their very ink ; ” for to-night, here in Cam-

bridge, the home of the poet, it is the life rather than the poems of Longfellow that I, as a spokesman of my fellow townsmen, — of his fellow townsmen, — am drawn by affectionate memory chiefly to celebrate; more mindful of the sweeter secret which lies within the melody of his verse than of the outward rhythm and rhyme.

The happy influence on a community of the habitual presence of a good and pleasant man or woman is immeasurably enhanced when to goodness and pleasantness is added the gift of genius which makes its possessor a special object of admiration and of general interest. And if this genius find its expression in verse addressed not only to the comparatively few of highly cultivated intelligence, but which through its breadth of sympathy and through its musical expression of simple, elementary sentiments appeals to the vast multitude of common men and women; and, further, if this genius be united with a character of exceptional purity, gentleness, and graciousness, then the blessing of the presence of such a nature in a community is perfected. Such a blessing was ours in Cambridge while Longfellow lived. Its influence abides with us still and will abide with those who follow us. "A good life hath but a few days, but a good name endureth forever."

The prosaic aspects of our town, even such as those which Harvard Square unblushingly exhibits, are made interesting by memories and associations with the poet, while its pleasanter regions, such as Brattle Street and Kirkland Street and many others, are dignified and adorned by his memory, and have become places of pilgrimage for his sake. But, as was said three centuries ago, "the diocis of every exemplar man the whole world is;" and so, though Cambridge was made the better by his actual presence and is the more famous for his memory, the diocese of Longfellow is bounded only by the limits of the language in which he wrote; for the

spirit which inspired his poetry was that of the peace and good-will for which the whole world longs.

"I should have to think long," said Walt Whitman, "if I were asked to name a man who has done more and in more valuable directions for America." And so at the close of a century from his birth, in every quarter of the land, America is celebrating the birthday of him who did so much for her. Everywhere the tone of affection mingles with that of admiration. It is the man, the exceptionally good and pleasant man, no less than the delightful poet, who is everywhere cherished and honored; and here in the community which knew him best, the two tones of love and admiration mingle in one harmony of blessing on his memory.

Mr. Cook will now read to us some letters which have been addressed to the Cambridge Historical Society by persons invited and unable to attend this meeting. Before he does so, however, I want to have the pleasure of reading a note which Miss Irwin was kind enough to send to me this afternoon. It is dated Belmont College for Young Women, Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 22, 1907.

MISS AGNES IRWIN
DEAN OF RADCLIFFE COLLEGE
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DEAR MISS IRWIN, — I take the liberty of writing you, since you are a member of the Committee of Longfellow Centenary, to ask that you please use these flowers as a little loving memorial from some Southern College girls, who know and love him so well, who have trod all the paths Evangeline and Hiawatha trod, and feel that in our uncrowned poet laureate we have learned the lessons of joy and life.

The flowers will be sent from a Boston florist, and I hope may reach you safely.

I am very truly,

PAULINE SHERWOOD TOWNSEND

Those flowers, as welcome as they are significant, were on the table this afternoon at the Children's Hour, and they are here.

LETTERS FROM EMINENT PERSONS

MURFREESBORO, TENNESSEE,
February 18, 1907.

MY DEAR MR. COOK:

. . . While it is peculiarly appropriate that the old university town should be the scene of these commemorative exercises on the twenty-seventh day of February, having been so long the chosen home of the poet, this is an event in which all the world of readers must feel a grateful interest. For his verse has a singularly wide and varied appeal; it expresses his crystal-clear thought in scarcely less luminous phrase, the noble reflection of his own elevated character, and the rich treasures of his scholarly research,—all pulsing with the faultless measure that makes the words seem set to music.

This centennial occasion must be to all the fellow-townsmen of the poet a source of special and just pride, with which many others will sympathize.

Yours sincerely,

MARY N. MURFREE.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 7, 1907.

DEAR SIR:

With profound thanks I acknowledge the honor of your invitation for the public exercises in celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of our country's master-poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. While ill health denies my bodily presence, I feel that I shall yet be undeniably with and of your grateful company, and that no uttered tribute to his genius or his human love and loyalty but that my fervent spirit, with all mankind's, shall share that sacred voice and testimony.

Very gratefully and truly yours,

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

DEAR SIR:

Your Society, and the guests invited to participate in the Celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of America's most widely read and best-beloved Poet, cannot fail to make of it one of the most interesting events in our literary history. Later generations will recognize the enduring worth of the Poet's work; but those who enjoyed his friendship are passing from the stage, and soon none will be left to speak with authority and at first hand of that most gracious and winning personality. This circumstance lends a unique interest to the forthcoming celebration, to which many who remember the man as he moved among us may be expected to bring tributes of reminiscence and appreciation. The occasion is one I regret that I must miss — one at which nothing less than a thousand miles of intervening land and sea prevents me from being present.

With thanks for the honor of your society's invitation,

Cordially yours,

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

ORANGE PARK, FLORIDA,
Feb. 12, 1907.

EDGEWOOD.

MY DEAR SIR:

I beg to acknowledge, with thanks, your very courteous invitation for 27th February, and regret that the condition of my health will compel me to decline. I regret this all the more since, in addition to my admiration for the literary aptitude and conquests of Mr. Longfellow, I had such thorough esteem for his character as a man. He lived always near to the level of his best thought: not — through all his epoch — was another so sweet and strong a "Psalm of Life" intoned as his. Whether "Toiling, rejoicing or sorrowing" (and all these experiences cumulated with him) he was always true, honest, and sincere.

You cannot mark the memory of such a poet, and such a man, with too many laurels.

Very respectfully yours,

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, HIGHFIELD ROAD, RATHGAR,
DUBLIN, February 10, 1907.

DEAR SIR:

I cordially thank the Cambridge Historical Society for the honor of their invitation to the Public Exercises in celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Longfellow. I regret that it is not possible that I should be present. But I can gladly acknowledge my personal debt to the genius of Longfellow, and my assurance that he did much to bind together the feelings of the people of Great Britain and Ireland and the people of America. And I can express my confident hope that the celebration may be all that its promoters desire that it should be.

Very truly yours,

EDWARD DOWDEN.

ROBERT BROWNING SETTLEMENT (INCORPORATED),
29 GROSVENOR PARK, LONDON, S. E.
February 12, 1907.

PROF. CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

SIR,— The Council of this Settlement having heard with very great pleasure of the intention to commemorate the Centenary of the birth of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, at Cambridge, Mass., has requested me to convey to you its hearty congratulations and entire sympathy.

We are approaching the end of the year of commemorations which began with the Centenary of the birth of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. . . .

On Sunday evening last, in Browning Hall, limelight views were shown of the poet's (Longfellow) portrait, of his house, and of his chosen city of Cambridge. Selections from Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Golden Legend" and from Mr. Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha" were sung, and an address was given on the message of Christ in Longfellow. We reverently acknowledge the rare genius of Longfellow, which enabled him to put the joys and sorrows of our common human nature into language of Scriptural simplicity and universality. He is the uncrowned Laureate of the common people of the entire English-speaking world. His poetry has as wide a vogue under the Union Jack as under the Stars and Stripes.

Common love of him and of his works has been a potent influence in binding together with cords of mutual respect and affection the peoples of Republic and Empire. Of the unique position which he occupies in the British and American world his bust in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey may be accepted as eminent symbol. . . .

Cambridge in New England may note with interest that the Settlement from which this greeting comes is acting in conjunction with the Free Church Union of the University of Cambridge in the old country.

With all good wishes for the success of your celebrations,

I remain, yours sincerely,

F. HERBERT STEAD,
Warden.

21 GRAMERCY PARK, NEW YORK,
February 5, 1907.

DEAR SIR :

All men of my years have necessarily given many pledges to fortune. One of mine practically excludes me from all public gatherings after sundown. I shall be present *in spirit*, however, at the Sanders Theatre on the evening of the 27th inst., and all of the audience who are blessed with the open vision may, if they choose, find me seated in the very midst of the most devoted though very limited class of those present who for more than three-score years and ten have studied and admired and enthused over not only Longfellow's lofty rhyme but over his prose also ; and not only over the poet's writings, but over his affectionate and lovely character.

Even should no others see me there, I will comfort myself by imagining the possibility that the poet himself, who certainly will be there, will not be so blind.

I pray you, Mr. Cook, to make these excuses for my absence on the celebration of this interesting anniversary acceptable to your colleagues of the Cambridge Historical Society, to all of whom I desire my most respectful regards.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN BIGELOW.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, ITHACA, N. Y.,
February 13, 1907.

MY DEAR SIR:

It is with sincere regret that I find myself obliged to decline your kind invitation to the public exercises in honor of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Longfellow.

Apart from the great pleasure I have derived from his works, I recall especially the enjoyment received in my visits to him at Craigie House and at Nahant, when his delightful social characteristics appeared most fully.

I am most heartily glad that so noble a celebration in his honor is to take place, and feel grateful to those who have promoted it.

Will you please present my renewed thanks and regrets to the committee, and I remain, dear sir,

Very respectfully yours,
ANDREW D. WHITE.

2643 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY,
February 6, 1907.

DEAR SIR:

Kindly present to the Cambridge Historical Society my appreciation of the invitation, which has but just reached me, to attend the Exercices on February 27, in celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the birth of Longfellow, our most widely read poet of the renowned American Pleiad. He was that exquisite minstrel whom all younger singers, of my own generation, revered as their laureate and inspirer. My own tributes to his ideal career and production, and to his limitless service as our early apostle of taste, sentiment, and beauty, have already been rendered with a grateful heart and to the utmost of my ability.

But I deeply regret that I cannot pay the further tribute of attendance at the coming Celebration. Though now convalescing from a severe illness, I am advised that I shall not have the strength for a visit to Cambridge at the date of the Exercices.

Very sincerely yours,

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

THE CHAIRMAN: "Let us now praise famous men," says Ecclesiasticus. It is a pleasant duty. Cambridge has many worthy citizens, but of all her living sons there is only one who has established a claim to be called famous, only one whose name is already inscribed on the crowded page of our history. He is familiar with praise, but to-night he is here not to listen to his own praises but himself to join in a chorus of praise of a famous man whose most serious fault was that he was not a native of the town which was the birthplace of Colonel Higginson.

ADDRESS OF THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: We have met this evening to pay tribute to a man who had, among all American authors of his time, the most individual and disarming combination of qualities. He was at once genial and guarded; kind and cordial in greeting, but with an impassable boundary line of reserve; dwelling in a charmed circle of thought, and absolutely self-protecting; essentially a poetic mind, but never out of touch with the common heart; yet not so much a creator as a composer; and viewing his subjects, as a very acute observer has said of him, "in their relations, rather than in their essence." He was one to whom a poem might occur, as did "The Arrow and the Song," while he stood before the fire waiting for his children to go to church with him; and he was equally able to spend patient years in hearing and weighing, "slowly and with decorum," as he says, the criticism of other and younger Italian scholars on his version of Dante. He was abstemious, yet wrote joyous drinking-songs for his friends; did not call himself an abolitionist, yet pronounced the day of the execution of John Brown, of Ossawatimie, to be "the date of a new Revolution, quite as much needed as the old one." When worn with overwork, he could sit down to write a hundred autographs for a fair in Chattanooga; or perhaps go out and walk miles to secure kindness for some old friend troubled with chronic and insuperable need of money. He was choice in his invited guests, yet drove his housemaids to despair by insisting

on the admittance of the poorest children in Cambridge, to tramp through his study daily and to sit triumphantly in the chair which their little school subscriptions had bought for him. This was the man whom we meet to commemorate; this was Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

It is an obvious truth in regard to the poems of Longfellow that, while they would have been of value at any time and place, their worth towards the foundation of a new and unformed literature was priceless. The first and chief need of such a literature was, no doubt, a great original thinker, such as was afforded us in Emerson. Yet Longfellow rendered a service only secondary, in enriching and refining that literature and giving it a cosmopolitan culture — providing for it an equally attentive audience in the humblest log-cabins on the prairie or in the literary courts of the civilized world. It is not many years since the editor of one of the great London weeklies said to an American traveller, "A stranger can hardly have an idea of how familiar many of our working people, especially women, are with Longfellow. Thousands can repeat some of his poems who have never read a line of Tennyson and probably never heard of Browning."

You may count in the Harvard College Library, as I myself have done, the titles of at least one hundred versions from Longfellow's poems, extending into eighteen languages outside the poet's own. It seems to me a dream, when I recall as if it were yesterday the very moment, sixty-seven years ago next December, that I answered a rough knock at the door of Professor Longfellow's Harvard recitation room and let in a printer's devil, blacker than a chimney-sweep, who laid down on the professor's desk a proof sheet, almost as soiled as its bearer and being the title-page of a small book to be called "Voices of the Night." It was not then known in Cambridge that Mr. Longfellow was to publish a volume of verses; he himself had only just decided on the title and I may have been the first person outside the printing office who saw the proof sheet. Had I but known what was to follow in the development of American literature, the rough banging of that printer's boy would have been to me as solemn as those three notes in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony which have been translated, "Thus knocks fate at the door."

It is pleasant to think that in the modest fame thus announced there lies no room for any serious reaction. The same attributes that keep him from being among the very greatest of poets will make him also one of the most permanent. There will be for him no extreme ups and downs in literary standing, as in the case of those men of greater genius, of whom Ruskin could at one time foolishly write: "Cast Coleridge at once aside, as sickly and useless; and Shelley as shallow and verbose." Longfellow's range may not be vast, but his workmanship is perfect; he has always "the inimitable grace of not too much;" he has tested all literatures, all poetic motives, and all forms of versification; and can never be taken unprepared. He who has made life richer and ampler, youth more beautiful, age more venerable and more hopeful, has become the permanent friend of mankind. His latest productions — the Sonnets — are his highest and best. He has passed away from us, but he has peopled the realm of imagination with forms which will not readily pass. "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha," and "The Village Blacksmith" are lodged forever in the memories of each successive generation of English-speaking children; and as Macready said of Shakespeare's characters in "The Merchant of Venice," "Who is alive, if they are not?"

THE CHAIRMAN: It is unnecessary to say that a celebration of Longfellow's birthday would be very imperfect unless children took part in it, and to-night we shall have the pleasure of hearing the performance, by young people from our Cambridge schools, of the music of "The Village Blacksmith." For this privilege and pleasure we are indebted to Mr. Chapman, the superintendent of music of the Cambridge schools.

The Cantata "The Village Blacksmith" was then rendered by a chorus from the Public Schools of Cambridge, accompanied by the Orchestra of the Cambridge Latin School.

THE CHAIRMAN: I am sure that the audience would desire me to convey their thanks to Mr. Chapman and to the young

people whom he has instructed so well, for the delightful part of this occasion which they have just taken; and I also would congratulate you, young people, on your good fortune, not only on being masters and mistresses of instruments and voices, but in having a share in an occasion like this, in which your own sympathies are quickened and which will, so long as you may live, I am sure, remain one of your pleasantest memories.

There would be no need anywhere in America to introduce President Eliot, least of all here in Cambridge. For him *nullum par elogium*.

ADDRESS OF CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I think it was about twenty-five years ago when there was another celebration in this hall, of which the heroes were Mr. Longfellow and Dr. Holmes. There was a large assemblage of children of the public schools, and it was an occasion of eulogy and rejoicing; and when it was over I said to Mr. Longfellow, "These children, these hundreds of children here, will always remember with delight that they have seen you and Dr. Holmes sitting together on this platform." "Ah," said Mr. Longfellow, "I don't know, I don't know." Like other great men, great scholars, great poets, great prophets, he was not sure of his future. But that is true of every hero. The hero would not be a hero if he knew the issue of his struggle. Yet it touched me very much at the time, and I remember it still with tenderness that Longfellow said here of his own fame, "I don't know."

He was a regular teacher in Harvard University for eighteen years of his term; and while he was teaching, in the very hour of his lecturing, as Colonel Higginson has told us, the proofs of his best work were coming in. What does a poet do for a university? A university contains the flower of the youth of the land; and these youth live with a selected body of teachers who present be-

fore them the great subjects of human thought, of human aspiration. What higher function, what nobler work of man is there than the writing of poetry? I know no higher effort of the human intelligence, except on rarest occasions the spontaneous outpouring of a human soul in prayer to God. What did our poet do for the university? In the first place, he taught for eighteen years, before a somewhat prosaic and utilitarian youth, the great literatures of France, Spain and Italy, represented in their noblest authors. He did this steady, assiduous, painstaking work of instruction. He lived here in these roads and houses, and walked among the academic youth and the academic teachers. He associated with the best of the academic body, of the graduates of the college, of the supporters of the college. His influence on them was deep and strong, and all towards noble, refined, honorable things. I like to recall, too, that so long as he was a member of the Faculty, eighteen years long, he steadily voted with a strong minority who were resisting the reaction against the liberal measures of the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Mr. Longfellow steadily voted in favor of freedom,—freedom for the teacher, freedom for the taught. And then he dwelt in many of his poems on the surroundings of the university, on the site of the university; and you know what a strong influence on academic youth in many generations beauty of site and aspect in the seat of a university has; how profound the influence of such beauty is and of associations with great undertakings and great men at the site of a university. Longfellow loved Cambridge, he loved the prospect from his terraces and his windows. He wrote often of the river Charles and its salt marshes. He consecrated the walks westward from Craigie House to Elmwood, and eastward to the college by “the spreading chestnut tree.” You remember the exquisite description which Newman gives of the site of the Academy of Athens and of the views from the hill. Newman thought that much of the beauty and strength of Greek philosophy and poetry had been absorbed there from the wondrous skies and seas of Greece. And all of us know what an exquisite and uplifting influence the beauty of Oxford and Cambridge have been in our motherland. Longfellow filled Cambridge with such delights. For many generations he has made it a place of pious pilgrimage for thousands of

people who had come to love him, and therefore loved the things and sights he loved.

The lessons of Longfellow's writings are, first, the lessons of freedom and public justice, the sterner lessons of the New England experience, the sterner lessons taught from its foundation in this university. But equally characteristic are his teachings of the utter tenderness, grace, and beauty, in human life. He taught men the sanctity of the common sentiments which gather around births, courtships, marriages, the joys and sorrows of domestic life, the national gains and losses, and timely or untimely deaths. These tender teachings, these blessed, simple, common experiences he dwelt on, and put into touching, beautiful words.

The poet uses the finest instrument of human expression, language. He is an artist like the painter, the sculptor, and the musician, but he has a finer organ of expression than they. The painter appeals to human sentiment through the eye, through the sense of color and of form. The draughtsman indicates the grace of line and of shade and shadow with a pencil. The poet speaks the most universal of all expressiveness, the mother tongue. And yet the poet is in the highest sense an artist; and that is a lesson which Longfellow gave here on this spot to the generation of young men who had the privilege of looking on him. He worked with an ideal of perfection before him, a perfection never fully attained, but still with intellectual and moral joy, and steady aspiration toward the ideal of perfection in speech and writing. And then Longfellow taught here another lesson of the highest sort. He taught the lesson of freedom in religious thought, like all the poets of the nineteenth century. He indicated the coming of a new religion, the religion of serviceableness, of tender love in the home, of devoted service to brother-man, a service through which the race lifts itself toward the love of God.

THE CHAIRMAN : The absence of Mr. Howells and Mr. Aldrich to-night is reason for genuine regret, not only because so much of the personal interest of the evening is lost, but even more on account of the cause which keeps them away. We may, however, all rejoice that the latest report from both of them is such as to relieve us from solicitude and to permit

us to send to them our hearty and confident good wishes for their speedy and complete restoration to health.

There is indeed a touch of that irony of circumstance which is so often to be observed in the course of human affairs, in the fact that those two juniors should leave us seniors unassisted to-night. But for me there is one advantage in their absence. It allows me to speak of them in terms which in their presence I should hesitate to use. In both prose and poetry Mr. Aldrich won distinction very early, and has added to it whenever he has written. In that delightful book, "My Literary Friends and Acquaintances," Mr. Howells has spoken of Aldrich's work in words which I venture to adopt as my own. "I should be false," he says, "to my own grateful sense of beauty in the work of this poet if I did not at all times recognize his constancy to an ideal which his name stands for. He is known in several kinds, but to my thinking he is best in a certain nobler kind of poetry. There are sonnets of his, grave, and simple, and lofty, which I think of with a glow and thrill possible only from very beautiful poetry, and which impart such an emotion as we can feel only when a great thought startles along the brain and flushes all the cheek." And let me add for myself, further, that there is no poet, — no living poet, — so far as I know, who has written verses of more exquisite and delicate charm than Mr. Aldrich; verses with many a line "from end to end in blossom like the bough that May breathes on," — or poems, like the one which we are about to hear, in which the great tradition of the classic masters of English poetry is more truly maintained and continued.

We have every reason to be grateful for the reader who is willing and able to give fitting voice to Mr. Aldrich's poem.

POEM OF THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

LONGFELLOW¹

1807—1907

Above his grave the grass and snow
Their soft antiphonal strophes write :
Moonrise and daybreak come and go :
Summer by summer on the height
The thrushes find melodious breath.
Here let no vagrant winds that blow
Across the spaces of the night
Whisper of death.

They do not die who leave their thought
Imprinted on some deathless page.
Themselves may pass; the spell they wrought
Endures on earth from age to age.
And thou, whose voice but yesterday
Fell upon charmed listening ears,
Thou shalt not know the touch of years;
Thou holdest time and chance at bay.
Thou livest in thy living word
As when its cadence first was heard.
O gracious Poet and benign,
Beloved presence! now as then
Thou standest by the hearts of men.
Their fireside joys and griefs are thine;
Thou speakest to them of their dead,
They listen and are comforted.
They break the bread and pour the wine
Of life with thee, as in those days
Men saw thee passing on the street
Beneath the elms — O reverend feet
That walk in far celestial ways!

¹ From the "Atlantic Monthly." Copyright, 1907, by Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

THE CHAIRMAN: I am sure it would please you all if Mr. Copeland would do us the favor of reading those beautiful verses once more.

In compliance with the request of the Chairman, the poem was read a second time.

THE CHAIRMAN: That poem is enough to make an evening memorable.

I referred just now to the delightful book by Mr. Howells, called "My Literary Friends and Acquaintances;" and of that book there are no pages more delightful than those devoted to Longfellow. Of the multitude of books and essays on Longfellow, this seems to me the one which gives the most vivid and faithful likeness of him. If all others were lost, this would preserve to us what was essential in him, and holding the mirror up to nature, would show us the very features of his virtue. Of the friends made in his later life there was none Longfellow esteemed more highly than Howells. They had many common traits as well as common sympathies. Sweetness of heart, sincerity of intellect, poetic sensibility of temperament were the gifts of nature to each. And resulting therefrom were the breadth of sympathy for their fellow-men, their kindness, and the generosity of their judgments. It was a fortunate event for our town when Howells took up his abode in it in 1866. He found his true home here, as he himself has said, for ten years, and made what he called the "carpenter's box" in which he lived for a time on Sacramento Street, and the more elaborate dwelling on Concord Avenue which he afterwards occupied, two of the most precious houses in Cambridge for their personal and literary associations. In the inability of Mr. Howells to read his own essay, there can be no better substitute than his successor in the chair of the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

It was a great pleasure to me that Mr. Perry consented to undertake this duty, and I thank him for us all, and ask him now to read the essay.

ADDRESS OF WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS¹

ONE of the most poignant experiences of our advancing years, or rather, our retreating years, so swiftly do they evermore fly from us, is the realization that the past is really past. The image of what has been remains much the same with us as the pageant of our actual life, but if we put it to the test in the consciousness of younger men, if we ask the eye of youth, so fatally clear, to share our vision, that image shatters into dust from which it imperfectly and painfully rehabilitates itself. A few years ago, when I proposed writing about the heroines of fiction as I had known them in Hawthorne and Thackeray, Reade and George Eliot, Dickens and Charlotte Bronte, and the rest of my contemporaries, a charming friend of the present day, who entered sympathetically into my notion, said, "Oh, yes, those *old* writers." I have sometimes found to my dismay, that when I have spoken of the war, meaning the Civil War, I have been supposed to mean the Spanish War. The unification of Italy and Germany are vivid actualities with me, but if I mention them to youthful actors on the stage where I am beginning to lag superfluous, I perceive that they are fading or faded events of history. Shall I then put to some such ordeal the auroral remembrance of Cambridge, as I first knew it forty years ago, to find that I have got my East and West transposed, and that it is the evening light which transfigures it?

I will not be so rash, even with the desire of giving you my idea of the circumstance amidst which the great poet whom I had known in his rhyme for half my life became for me the visible and tangible personality that all who knew him loved. Briefly, I will say, it was circumstance worthy a great poet, and that he who was central in it was pre-eminent among such peers as few great poets have had. It was the hour—how present is that hour still!—when Longfellow was completing the mystical journey on which he had faithfully followed the steps where two "sweet guides" had

¹ From the "North American Review." Copyright, 1907, by the North American Review Publishing Company.

led instead of one, and Dante as well as Virgil went before him. Those whom he thought fit to be his companions in this journey joined him in reading the text of their Italian poet, and helping him interpret it in every shade of its significance, so that his version should remain supreme, until some one should, with less conscience or more courage, add to it the rhyme which his scruple adjudged impossible. Elsewhere I have tried to give some sense of those meetings; the quiet lamplit room where the master poet wrought by day, and now his fellow-poets sat with their Dantes in their hands, and scrutinized his English through that Italian, and questioned it in suggestions to which he listened patiently, thoughtfully, but gratefully accepted or refused as he alone decided; the old friend to whom Dante was such an old story, dozing by the fire, and the old terrier under his deep armchair, breathing in a soft diapason with him, till the hour of supper came, and the poet lifted him and led him out to that feast which to the young mortal of the board was truly a banquet of the gods, if the gods knew how to talk, to joke, to laugh, always as mindful of humanity as they are sometimes reported not to be, at their celestial victual. The young mortal was afterwards able to remember lamentably little of all that was said in those luminous nights, but he kept the sense that in the empyrean where Holmes sparkled and Lowell glowed, the mild ray of the larger planet from time to time eclipsed the others in a gentle gayety which was not quite humor, but was of some rarer and finer quality for which the terrestrial spectrum had no specific analysis. "Often," so I have written before, "the nights were very cold, and as I returned home from Craigie House to my carpenter's box on Sacramento street, a mile or so away, I was as if soul-borne through the air by my pride and joy, while the frozen snow clinked and tinkled before my feet stumbling along the middle of the road. I still think that was the richest moment of my life, and I look back at it as the moment, in a life not unblessed by chance, which I would only most like to live over again." But that was in 1866, when it was worth while to be twenty-nine, in an environment where such divine things were possible to juniors. You, into whose clear eyes my dim glasses look to-night, is it as richly worth while in Cambridge now? But no, I will not put you to that question, if in your turn you will spare me, and will make believe with me that my Cambridge

of forty years ago is still as real and substantial as it was then, when it was the home of Lowell, of Child, of Agassiz, of Dana, of the Henry Jameses, father and son, of Shaler, of Fiske, of Palfrey, and the resort, from time to time, of Holmes and Emerson, of Whittier, of Fields, and all the elect spirits which made Boston and the other suburbs of Cambridge their sojourn, with, first among them all, the most universally read poet who has ever lived.

In what shall I have to say to-night in praise of his beautiful art I must always be as sensible of him in the environment in which he lived, and I think the secret of his immense favor, if we look for it apart from his singleness of mind and soul, will perhaps be found in the fact that he was so deeply, so entirely, of his time and place, in his most and in his least imaginative work. His very love of what was old, and strange, and far, affirmed him citizen of a country where he dwelt perforce amidst what was new and known and near. He was the most literary of our poets, but to him literature was of one substance with nature, and he transmuted his sense of it into beauty as he transmuted into beauty the look of the familiar landscape, the feel of the native air, the breath of the mother earth. But he did not go to literature or nature, and he did not come from either without a conscience of what he owed to the world about him. If there was a meaning in a page read or a day lived, which could teach or help other men, he desired to impart it to his verse. This duteous tendency of his became explicit in his poem of "The Singers," where "the youth with the soul of fire," and the "man with bearded face" singing in the market place, and the gray minstrel chanting in "cathedrals dim and vast," contend in the rivalry which was the allegory of his own subjective question.

"For those who heard the singers three
Disputed which the best might be;
For still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in the heart.
But the great Master said, 'I see
No best in kind, but in degree.

" 'I give a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen and to teach.
These are the three great cords of might,
And he whose ear is tuned aright,
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony.' "

This was the ideal of that New England mind which flowered into the New England life in those years before the great Civil War, when men fancied they had found, in the sacred and infrangible peace, the solvent of every grief and every fear. The misgiving of justice in the judge of all the earth, as the hard old creeds had imagined Him, had passed into affirmation of love among men, who each owed the other his share of patience and kindness and truth. The same strain so often ethically heard in Longfellow is heard mystically in Emerson, humorously in Lowell, lyrically in Whittier. The New England poet who had not somehow rendered allegiance to that ideal, would have been dateless and homeless, and Longfellow was as faithful to it from the first as he was to that yet finer and purer æsthetic ideal, which divided his homage. The "Psalm of Life," by which he has so often been feebly and falsely judged, is of even date with the "Hymn to the Night," so fine, grave, exalted and exalting, and as absolutely æsthetic as Milton's "Lycidas" or Keats' "Ode to Melancholy," or Tennyson's "Tithonus." This and not the other is prevailingly the dominant of the various music, in which the panes of medieval churches and the leaves of primeval forests alike thrilled. He tried to be true to his confession of faith in *The Singers*, but it is interesting to note how in certain of his most popular poems, which are often his best, the ethical strain seems an afterthought, and the moral is as plainly a tag as any text coming out of the mouth of a saint in an archaic picture. "*The Village Blacksmith*" is entirely a poem, and a wonderfully perfect one, if you leave off the two last stanzas, in which it becomes a homily. "*The Fire of Driftwood*" charms wholly till you come to the last stanza, and other familiar pieces have the same excellence and the same defect. Many, like "*The Belfry of Bruges*," are each a blend of that which charms with that which teaches. At the same time that he was writing these pieces he was writing other pieces as popular, which are without alloy of sermoning, which are pure imagining. Take "*The Burial of the Minnesink*," simple, fine, positive; "*The Skeleton in Armor*," the absolute dramatization of a shadowy motive; "*The Slave's Dream*," with its glorious pageantry; "*The Quadroon Girl*," exquisite in the restraint of its unmoralized pathos, and you shall seek in vain for any trace of what the modern Spanish critics call the tenden-

cious. Yet he was truer to his time and place in what we must think the poems of less absolute beauty, and we must recognize the fact that if his music had been all in its finally dominant key he would not have been the consoler of the multitudes who hid his words in their heart of hearts and counted themselves one with him.

I remember going to him one day with a lady who greatly wished to look upon him, to touch his hand, to hear his voice, but who would not let him speak before she had said to him of one of his poems, "You did not know it, but you wrote that poem for me." So the innumerable thousands throughout the world would have said of this poem or that, in any of the strange tongues which could hold a version of it. It was a wonderfully world-wide acceptance, such as no other poet has ever known, for to speak of Shakespeare himself as being as widely known or as much read as Longfellow would be to trifle pedantically with a vital human fact. One day he showed me a Chinese translation of the "Psalm of Life" which he had just received, and there was hardly a dialect of the summer seas into which its phrase had not been cast. He could have told those lovers of him that the "Psalm of Life" was no such poem as "The Hymn to the Night," but he could well leave that office to the critics who misimagined him from it.

He was worthy of his universal acceptance, because his beautiful gift was graced by a scholarship hospitably responsive to the appeal of an aspect of literature or nature. Yet we must never forget how deeply Puritanized he was by race and tradition, and how when he withdrew from the pleasant thoughts of other lands and languages it was to find himself in an ancestral chamber, darkened by the shadow of the New England wilderness, remote from the gayety of Spanish suns, and the warmth of German stoves. Otherwise we cannot realize how introspective he was, and how much given in the old Puritanic fashion to self-question, to the interrogation of his motives and the judgment of his actions. Of all our poets he had lived most in the world, both at home and abroad. He liked the world, and until such sorrow as comes to few sequestered him, he lived rather constantly in it; yet again and again he turned from it to ask his soul of that other and greater world within, which in some hour every man frequents with joy or fear. There is no

token of any belief in a state of expiation or fruition in these self-questionings; yet in such poems as "Mezzo Cammin," "Epimetheus and Prometheus," "Victor and Vanquished," "Memories," which I name, not meaning to leave out others, and meaning, above all, to include his great and beautiful "Morituri Salutamus," he confesses himself, and invokes upon his sin of commission or omission whatever penance here seems just, or else gives himself absolution as part of the inevitable and the involuntary in the cosmic frame. His art, consequently, was essentially religious art, as religious as Dante's, as Milton's, as Wordsworth's, and as authentic, deriving its quality from his native ground through whatever alien light and air.

It has been with surprise, in my reading of his verse for the present poor result, that I noted how entirely he has said himself in the intimate things in which a man may say himself without shame, because in them he says you, and he says every one in saying himself. His appeal is in that high ether where the personal is sensible of mergence in the universal; it is the expression of a soul purified of what is transient, impermanent, intrinsic. If among all his poems there is but one that may be called a love poem, there are many poems of feeling, such feeling as comes before passion and endures with it and remains after it, and is the limpid note in which childhood and manhood and age find themselves joined. It is among these poems of feeling that his art frees itself more than elsewhere from the sense of technic, of material, of tendency. As you read "The Bridge," "The Two Angels," "My Lost Youth," "Weariness," "The Bridge of Cloud," the group of sonnets called "Three Friends of Mine," "My Books," "A Nameless Grave," and that exquisite elegiac, "Changed," you are consoled through the continuous throe by a sense of the common sorrow in which your peculiar pang is lost. There is nothing of weakness in the tenderness of these pieces, and we might read any of them together without fear of the maudlin softening which comes so often from sympathetic communion; but I will ask you to listen only to this one, which I have not named with the others, because in my consciousness it stands apart from the others and from all others in its classic perfection. The poet named it "Aftermath."

“ When the summer fields are mown,
When the birds are fledged and flown,
And the dry leaves strew the path,
With the falling of the snow,
With the cawing of the crow,
Once again the fields we mow,
And gather in the Aftermath.

“ Not the sweet new grass with flowers
Is this harvesting of ours ;
Not the upland clover bloom ;
But the rowen mixt with weeds,
Tangled tufts of marsh and meads,
Where the poppy drops its seeds
In the silence and the gloom.”

The pathos of the mortality by which our life is haunted from beginning to end, and which age knows no better than youth fore-knows it, is intimated here to an effect so self-controlled, so completed, so poised, that it seems as if a syllable less would disturb its delicate balance, a syllable more would spill the tears that brim it. If the classic is to be known by its exclusions, its self-denial, here is something that one might surely say was Greek. If not, where and in what does the “ Anthology ” surpass it ?

A poet is not alone to be recognized as imaginative for what he does, but for what he makes us do who read him, for the imagination which he creates in us. Longfellow has this magic power in a score of pieces, in a hundred passages, through a sort of spiritual intimacy which owns us close akin, whether we are young or old, great or mean, wise or simple, so only we be mortal, and which in some lines of his, written when he was an aging man slowly nearing his death, entreats and constrains us with tender entreaty not easily to be put in words.

“ Four by the clock and not yet day ;
And the great earth rolls and wheels away,
With its cities on land, and its ships at sea,
Into the dawn that is to be.

“ Only the lamp on the anchored bark
Sends its glimmer across the dark,
And the heavy breathing of the sea
Is the only sound that comes to me.”

A sigh of lonely patience, but it seems to breathe all space and time before us, bringing us not only into the circle of the poet's consciousness, but making each of us its centre. It is on the face of it mere statement, mere recognition, but it is the finest art in the power of imparting emotion without apparent effort. I should like to read from the sonnets called "Three Friends of Mine" the one on Agassiz, though I fear the context will give an undue sense of what was the more moving in Longfellow's verse because his prevalent mood was so far from despondent.

"I stand again on the familiar shore,
And hear the waves of the distracted sea
Piteously calling and lamenting thee,
And waiting restless at thy cottage door.
The rocks, the seaweed on the ocean's floor
The willows in the meadow, and the free
Wild winds of the Atlantic welcome me;
Then why shouldst thou be dead and come no more?
Ah, why shouldst thou be dead, when common men
Are busy with their trivial affairs,
Having and holding? Why, when thou hadst read
Nature's mysterious manuscript and then
Wast ready to reveal the truth it bears,
Why art thou silent? Why shouldst thou be dead?"

It is here as if the eternal primitive in Agassiz called to the eternal primitive in Longfellow, and he responded in the simplicity of this touching lament. It is very timeless, very placeless, unless it is of any time and any place. The gray Homeric head, lifted in pathetic interrogation of the pale sky of the Nahant shore, might in the unchanging round of human experience seem challenging the same dumb mystery beside the Chian strand. After all the centuries of the race's story, after the optimistic faith of the poet, and his many resolute affirmations of a meaning beyond the meaningless, the long-hoping spirit is clouded in the doubt that comes to each in his turn, and he implores the friend he has lost, as if they had been parted in the earliest dawn of the world:

"Why art thou silent? Why shouldst thou be dead?"

Simplicity, though I have used the word more than once, is not quite the word for the condition of Longfellow's art. If the artist was ever unconscious, he cannot be so now, after the innumerable

generations of conscious men; but he can still be unaffected, and Longfellow was above everything unaffected. He was wholly without those alloys of personal motive, that love of effect, those grudges and vanities which limit us in our universality, and dwarf us from men to individuals. He was as unaffected as he was conscious in imagining, from his earliest endeavoring, a sort of duty he had to give his country in return for what she had given him, a poem which should be not only worthily but distinctively American, and such a poem he did give her in "Evangeline." He gave it on his own terms of course, and this most American, and hitherto only American poem of anything like epic measure, is as perfectly his as it is perfectly ours. His art in mere story-telling is admirably structural in it; he builds strongly and symmetrically as he always did, though sometimes the decoration with which he loads the classic frame distracts us from the delight of its finely felt proportion. Here again he is entirely unaffected, though he is as far from simplicity as convention itself can go. The characters are not persons but types; the lovers, the old fathers, the notary, the village priest, the neighbors one and all, are like the figures in little eighteenth-century moral tales, or some of the older fashioned operas, not yet quite evolved from pastorals. But the poet brings to them his tender sense of their most moving story, and he so adds his own sincerity to their convention that they live as truly and genuinely as if they had been each studied from real life, to an effect of such heartache in the witness as is without its like in poetry.

In the "Hiawatha," that somewhat of primitive, of elemental in him, always consistent with his scholarship and gentle worldliness, lent itself to the needs of the wild legends, and realized them to an alien age and race through an art entirely frank in its mannerisms. An epic of our Indian life could not have been possible without the consciousness in which he unaffectedly approached it, and availed himself of the reliefs to its seriousness with which the quaint and whimsical, the childish, quality of savage fancy had invested its episodes. The "Courtship of Miles Standish" is quite as felicitously imagined as the "Evangeline" or the "Hiawatha;" indeed, on its level of comedy it is of a perfection which the "Evangeline" does not always keep on its heights of tragedy. It

is as humorously as that is pathetically conceived, and in the handling of the same verse it shows more of what is like native ease and colloquial habit. It does not matter for the poetic verity whether the original anecdote is questionable or not; but it matters everything that an image of a little remote and very simple world, broken off from the great England of that lingeringly Elizabethan time, and stranded on our wild shore should take us with an enchanting probability far beyond the force of fact. It is an advance upon the "Evangeline" that the persons of the poem tend to be more of characters and less of types, though they are yet so typical, so universal, so eternal in their drama that the lovers of any time can read themselves into the hero and heroine.

In the "Tales of the Wayside Inn," the pictures are set successively in such a frame as many artists have used before, and they have each to make its effect without a strong common tie. But what charming pictures they all are, how good every one in its way: "Paul Revere's Ride," "King Robert of Sicily," "The Saga of King Olaf," "The Birds of Killingworth," "The Bell of Atri," "Lady Wentworth," "The Baron of St. Castine," "Elizabeth," "The Rhyme of Sir Christopher": what life do not these dear familiar names stir within that death which each of us becomes in outliving his youth!

The poet tells, or tells again some story, far-brought in time or place out of the reaches of his measureless reading, or near-found in the memories of his first years, and each story takes his quality, and blossoms, or blossoms anew under his magical touch. I could not very well say why I feel him personally present in these pieces more than in his other poems, but perhaps it is because he read some of them to me, as his young editor, before they were printed, while they were yet fresh in his own script. As I read them now I hear his voice in them, when as I have already so imperfectly said, he read them with "a hollow, a mellow, resonant murmur, like the note of some deep-throated horn." I remember this music in the "Elizabeth," and the "Baron of St. Castine," and the "Rhyme of Sir Christopher," and the look he lifted on me, when he came to some humorous passage, to make sure I was getting his full meaning. I not only hear him, but I see him in these pieces, and I like to fancy that he was turning them in his thought when

sometimes I met him in the streets of that Cambridge which is no more. "In the years when I first knew him," if I may again quote myself, "his long hair and the beautiful beard which mixed with it were of one iron gray, which I saw blanch to a perfect silver. When he walked, he had a kind of spring in his gait, as if now and again a buoyant thought lifted him from the ground. You felt that the encounter made you a part of literary history, and set you aside with him for the moment from the poor and mean."

Whatever Longfellow said became his own in that unmistakable voice of his, which when you read his verse left you in no doubt whose verse it was, no matter who had said a like thing before. If one must not say that his voice is more distinctly heard in his poetic tales than in his larger poems, one feels a peculiar pleasure in its sound there, a tenderness, a richness, such as no other storyteller's has. If he is not likest himself in these most lovable moments, since in every master excellence is more varied than we are apt to allow, still these things are very like him. There is a fine aoristic quality in them, so that the "Sinking of the Cumberland by the Confederate ironclad," or "Paul Revere's Ride," is of one poetic contemporaneity with any event of the remotest time or place which takes his fancy, or kindles his feeling. But if you say that this quality was his most original or distinctive quality, what shall you say of the delicate impressionism of some such piece as "Afternoon in February," all in delicate gray tones, and as like nature as anything you see out of your window? Or of that gentle, compassionate dejection in the faultless poem called "Weariness"? Or of the melancholy thrill that vibrates in the music of "My Lost Youth"? Or of the subtle analysis of the mood of waiting for the poetic impulse in the lines called "Becalmed"? They are all alike like Longfellow. Perhaps some one else might have written them, but I cannot think of any one else who could.

In everything he did Longfellow wished to be helpful through the truth, but living and doing brought him evermore to the realization of the truth that the art which expresses a thought or an emotion need not help itself out with a precept. The constant pressure of his genius was towards simplifying his expression. He must choose in the end to be with the Greeks rather than the Goths in building the lofty rhyme, and in the architecture of his

later period he gave us oftener the repose of the temple than the aspiration of the minister. A certain sculptural bareness which one feels at times in the beautiful "*Morituri Salutamus*," is perhaps the farthest reach of this tendency, but the denial of his early romantic excess is almost as great in the "*New England Tragedies*" where the simplification of the phrase is as Hellenic as in any fragment of antiquity. Say what we will of the inadequacy of these dramas as we fancy them across the footlights, there cannot be a question of their artistic conception, their serious beauty. Longfellow would not have been Longfellow if he had not wished to touch our hearts in them, and have us feel the ache of those errors and sorrows as if they were things of to-day. The fact that they are not theatricable does not impeach their dramatic excellence, and he could not have given them narrative form without loss to the perfection in which they were imagined. As they show in their final disposition, they are the climax of the larger drama which he called "*Christus*," and in which he perhaps too arbitrarily assembles them with "*The Divine Tragedy*," "*The Golden Legend*." In the group purpose is clear enough, and each part is distinctly wrought, but they are welded, not fused, together. His love of the old Germanic and Latin lands, where the generous American of his day so fondly dwelt, plays so long in the *Golden Legend* that the fancy wearies, and the sense of the fable is more nebulously intimated than his wont is. He is more truly at home, for all his love of the mediæval past, in his native air, and in "*The Divine Tragedy*" he merely dialogizes the story of Christ from the different Gospels, and with an occasional light of legend cast sparsely and skilfully upon it, seems to be more taken with the order in which the words of the evangelists fall at his touch, with a music unheard before, than with the larger intention of the work. He could never be other than an artist, but in his dramas it seems to me he is least an artist.

One does not speak of his technique; that can never be in question. It always is as insensibly present as the air we breathe, and there are other traits of his mastery to which he so accustoms us that we are scarcely more conscious of them. In his mind there is a perfect clearness, and in his verse there is never the clouded word that embodies the clouded thought. All is limpid which flows from that source, whether the current sparkles over shallows

in the gayety which was often his mood, or flows into the sunny or shadowy depths where the light and the dark are alike transparent. He owned to me once that he did not love metaphysical subtleties or analytic scrutinies; the telescope that brought the skies near to the homes of men might be in his hand, but not the microscope that revealed the morbid workings of their hearts. Such characters as he painted were typical, whether they were imaginary studies, or accepted portraits of people thronging from his world-wide acquaintance with literature, and asking some moment of the *dolce lome* of his verse. To the mind's eye he presents himself something like one of these, a large, sincere, and unaffected presence, full of kindness stayed by gentle dignity.

No poet ever uttered more perfectly what was characteristically best in his time, and none ever informed that time more completely with the good and the truth which were in himself. In his sense of responsibility to something beyond and above the finest hedonism, he stood with the greatest poets. If he was ethical, so was Æschylus, so was Dante, so was Milton, so was Wordsworth, so was Shakespeare himself when he was writing *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*; so is the supreme master of fiction, that Tolstoi who has but now accused Shakespeare of being, as Emerson called him, "only the *master* of the revels." The pieces in which Longfellow charms and teaches far outnumber those in which he teaches and charms; and it is so with him from the beginning, but there is continuously with these two kinds a middle species, in which it is hard to say whether the æsthetic or the ethical prevails, and though his ideal was more and more the æsthetic, the very last poem he is known to have written, "*The Bells of San Blas*," shows a return to the explicit tendency of some of his earlier work, while it is graced with that tender feeling for the past, for the alien, in which error and truth are reconciled, and peace flows from their reconciliation.

"Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,
Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and pursuing
Each its different path, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rush together at last,"

these different strains of the poet's art meet in his dying song, and flow together into the evening sky, beyond which there is night, and beyond which we hope there is morning.

THE CHAIRMAN: I will not say, Mr. Perry, what I believe, that you have read that admirable essay better than Mr. Howells would have done it for himself, but I will say that I believe Mr. Howells, could he have heard it, would have been more than content with the reading.

And now one last word remains to be said. If I could think of the right word, which should be as sweet as a verse of poetry and as tender as a benediction, it would be the word to be spoken now. "Of all the many lives," as Mr. Longfellow himself said of one of his teachers, — "of all the many lives that I have known, none I remember more serene and sweet, more rounded in itself, and more complete" than his. I will bring one more testimony to the influence of Longfellow, and with it will bid you good-night. Some years ago I was talking with Rudyard Kipling of various poets. We agreed that almost without an exception they had written too much: that we could spare, for instance, at least a half of Wordsworth, probably more; that Shelley would be the better if three quarters of his work were obliterated; that even Keats had written too much. And so we went on, scarcely leaving one; even Milton could have spared something from his slender stock, outside of "Paradise Lost." But at last Kipling said to me, "There is one poet of whom I don't want to spare a line." I said, "I am at a loss; I cannot imagine." "Why," he said, "Longfellow, of course."

Let me say that day after to-morrow, the 1st of March, is Mr. Howells' seventieth birthday, and I should like to send him a message of good-will from this audience. I will take it upon myself, with your approval, to do so. (Applause.)

And now I will say, — Good-night.

THE EIGHTH MEETING

THE EIGHTH MEETING — a Special meeting called by the Council — of **THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY** was held the twenty-seventh day of May, nineteen hundred and seven, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, Massachusetts, as a Public Reunion of the Pupils of Louis Agassiz, and for the purpose of celebrating the One Hundredth Anniversary of his Birth.

The President, **RICHARD HENRY DANA**, called the meeting to order, and the First Vice-President, **THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON**, presided.

Among the many distinguished guests present were the following pupils of Agassiz, seated upon the platform: — **Frederick W. Putnam**, **William James**, **Edward S. Morse**, **P. R. Uhler**, and **Richard Bliss**. In the first balcony were many ladies who attended the School for Girls formerly held in the home of Agassiz at Cambridge. There were present also two daughters of Agassiz, **Ida A. Higginson** and **Pauline A. Shaw**, and several of his grandchildren.

The printed programme was as follows: —

PROGRAMME.

Music by the Orchestra of the Cambridge Latin School.

OPENING REMARKS	RICHARD HENRY DANA.
ADDRESS	The Chairman, THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.
LETTERS FROM ABSENT PUPILS.	
ADDRESS	ABBOTT LAWRENCE LOWELL.
ADDRESS	WILLIAM HARMON NILES.
READING	IRVAH LESTER WINTER.
The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz <i>Longfellow.</i>	
The Prayer of Agassiz <i>Whittier.</i>	
ADDRESS	JOHN CHIPMAN GRAY.
ADDRESS	CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT.

OPENING REMARKS OF RICHARD HENRY DANA

MEMBERS OF THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, PUPILS AND FRIENDS, ADMIRERS OF AGASSIZ: What enlargement of mind, refreshment of spirit, what revival of enthusiasm for what great things we are privileged to receive in this celebration of a great man's birth!

How well I remember hearing from his pupils of his great power as a teacher, not only to impart knowledge clearly, but fire with zeal, bringing as it were into the bare lecture or classroom a flaming torch which lighted the smaller torches of each one present with living, warming, brightening flame.

Oh that we might have, with all our specialization and wonderful thoroughness of detail in American universities, more such kings among men for our professors.

Another recollection connected with Agassiz that comes to mind, is my father's enthusiastic description of Agassiz's presiding at the Saturday Club, how with Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Pierce, Motley, Whipple, Judge Hoar, Holmes, Felton, Ward, Dwight, Woodman, Hawthorne, Eliot, and others about him, his learning, humor, wit, and contagious laugh had brought out the best that was in every one of that wonderful group.

I remember, too, my father's wonder at Agassiz's bewitching a whole legislature of hard-headed farmers, business men, and lawyers into granting subsidies to the museum of fossil fishes.

Recently, as a member of the commission charged with inquiring into the feasibility and desirability of placing a dam at the mouth of the Charles River, I had occasion to read the essays of the past generation of engineers on the formation of Boston Harbor, and to compare these with the reports of modern experts. I was greatly struck with the vagueness

and a priori theorizing of the former in comparison with the clear, convincing, and well founded reasoning of the latter. No wonder, for the former had the impossible task of reconciling the theory of water action as the sole cause of the phenomena, with the existence of boulder clay, drumlins, and deep basins. These they had to ignore or pass lightly over. The thorough and satisfactory explanations of the latter were almost wholly due to one cause, and that was the work of our Agassiz in establishing the glacial theory.

But Agassiz was more than a man of science, even with inspiration, wit, and geniality added. I remember to this day how my grandfather, then eighty-six years of age, described Agassiz's talk with him, then a guest at a meeting of this Saturday Club in October, 1873. He was delighted with the opinions Agassiz expressed about liberal education and the classics, and as to intuition as essential to a discoverer. Agassiz said he would never, if he could prevent it, allow a man to begin work in his museum or in physical science, until he had been through college and broadened and enlarged and elevated his mind by literary studies and philosophy and modes of reasoning applicable to moral science, as well as in those peculiar to mathematics and physics.

But I have a confession to make. Though I knew Agassiz by sight, and though his presence with us was a cause of pride in being an inhabitant of Cambridge, and a student at Harvard, I never met him face to face. I had been looking forward to taking some elective under him, when, near the end of my college course, the opportunity was taken away forever.

It is from this lack of intimacy with Agassiz that I thought it better to have as master of ceremonies to-night one who knew him, one who has also a wonderful charm as a presiding officer, and whom I present to you as our beloved Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

ADDRESS OF THE CHAIRMAN, THOMAS
WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Three months ago we met in this theatre to celebrate an epoch of happy remembrance. We now meet again to commemorate not Longfellow, but one whom Longfellow celebrates in his tribute of sonnets to his three nearest friends,—the list including the man now immediate in our remembrance, Louis Agassiz. In him we enjoy the recollection of one for whom nature combined two of her best treasures—science and sunshine; one to whom she gave a life divided between warm affection and joyous labor; one who spent his days happily as a poor man, because he could not spare the time to make money; who not only loved his neighbor, but found in every bird and beast a neighbor also; who stayed out in storms with pleasure, but would turn aside in sunshine rather than impede children in their play. He declined the temptations offered by an Emperor in order that he might rather remain here and teach an adopted nation to study and observe. He was subject to no criticism as a student, except for that fascinating endlessness with which he gathered specimens; and no aspersion in regard to home life except that of sometimes collecting so many live turtles in the domestic bath-tub that nobody else in the family could bathe.

Our keenest student of character, Emerson, wrote of Agassiz after his first visit to Concord, "He is perfectly accessible: has a brave manliness which can meet a peasant, a mechanic, or a fine gentleman with equal fitness." Add to all this, that while refusing money for himself he collected it freely for his work; he claimed up to his last illness to have never had a dull hour in his life, and he never left a dull hour with others. He had prejudices and strong

ones, but would surrender them in a moment before conclusive evidence. Pardon me if I give a personal illustration of this.

In the middle of the Civil War, I was sent North on furlough and happened to meet him at the State House on the very first day after arrival. He asked me eagerly about my black regiment, "Did they stand fire?" and I said, "No men better." Now he had all his life urged strongly the difference between the black and white races, and had been charged by some as being hopelessly prejudiced against negroes; but he answered instantly, "They must be admitted to the ballot, there is no question about it." Before an unquestionable fact, his life's prejudices vanished in a flash. I sometimes wish he were in the United States Congress to-day.

Yet happily for his adopted fellow-townsmen, living contentedly in this little community where "Professor" was and is ranked as the highest title, Agassiz himself gloried in the title of "Schoolmaster" in preference to even that of "Professor." In his will he described himself simply as "Teacher," and we meet here to-night as those whom he taught. His temple remains to us, both outwardly and inwardly. Plutarch somewhere speaks of Greek cities, where there were great buildings called "the Temple of the Stranger," each of these being in memory of some famous man who had come there to dwell, leaving his birthplace behind him in order to adorn and beautify his second home. Cambridge also has such a temple, and it is called the Agassiz Museum.

Before I call upon the speakers, I will ask the Secretary to read some of the letters he has received from pupils of Agassiz who are unable to be present, and from other persons.

LETTERS FROM ABSENT PUPILS AND OTHERS

NEW HAVEN, May 22, 1907.

DEAR SIR:

I regret very much that my engagements here will not permit me to attend the anniversary exercises in honor of my much beloved and respected teacher, Prof. Louis Agassiz. During five years, 1859-1864, I was very intimately associated with him, as student and assistant, and I learned to love him almost as I did my own father. He was one of the most kind-hearted and sympathetic men that I have ever known, while his enthusiasm in the study of nature was an inspiration to all who were associated with him. His influence in creating a wide interest in zoölogy and geology was, I believe, greater than that of any other man of that period. How much the country at large, and Harvard in particular, owe to him for his untiring efforts to establish a great museum is too well-known to require comment from me.

Very respectfully yours,

A. E. VERRILL.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY,

ITHACA, N. Y., May 22, 1907.

DEAR MR. COOK:

During the last seventeen years of his life it was my privilege to look upon Louis Agassiz as — in a fuller sense than upon any other man — my inspirer and guide, my teacher, my friend and benefactor. My admiration of what he was and my gratitude for what he did for me increase with the lapse of time. . . .

A recent letter to me from Professor Charles E. Millspaugh, Curator of Botany at the Field Columbian Museum, relates a charming experience, when he was an Ithaca lad of fourteen, at the time (1868) when Agassiz lectured at Cornell University, as follows:

"On a certain Saturday I was passing down Willow Avenue, barefoot, fishing-rod on shoulder. I was startled at seeing a man in black trousers and frock coat on his knees in the middle of Cascadilla Creek. Judging him demented I must have uttered some sound in affright, for as I was shying to the farther side of the roadway he looked up, beckoned me with his finger, and called, 'Come here, little poy, I show you something.' His pleasant voice finally overcame my fears and I waded out to where he still knelt. Putting his hand upon my shoulder he pressed me down upon my knees beside him and pointed to a minnow that was industriously pushing little pebbles together in a heap. As we knelt there Agassiz explained the purpose of the little laborer, and gave me many other facts concerning the habits of that and other fish. Later I accompanied him on many a tramp along the streams and through the woodlands. I have never forgotten their delights or their instructiveness. . . ."

Pray accept my good wishes for a most successful meeting, and the renewed assurance of my deep regret at my enforced absence, due to the prior acceptance of the invitation of President Schurman to deliver the Agassiz Memorial address at Cornell.

Very truly yours,

BURT G. WILDER.

GÖTTINGEN, May 3, 1907.

DEAR SIR:

For your highly prized invitation to the memorial celebration in memory of Louis Agassiz I am greatly obliged. Unfortunately I am not able to accept it. But it recalls in the pleasantest manner the recollection that at the beginning of my professional career I received from Louis Agassiz valuable proofs of recognition and good will. May I ask you to give my honored friend, Alexander Agassiz, my kindest greetings.

Very respectfully yours,

E. EHRLERS.

MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY,—ENTOMOLOGY.

55 RUE DE BUFFON, PARIS, May 14, 1907.

DEAR SIR:

I have just received the very kind invitation that the Cambridge Historical Society has been good enough to send to me at the occasion of the Centenary of the birth of Louis Agassiz. It will not be possible for me to take part in the festive reunion of the 27th instant, but I desire to say to you that I join with all my heart in the filial homage to be rendered to one of the most distinguished zoologists of the last century.

Louis Agassiz is not less esteemed in Europe than in the United States. He is especially esteemed in France, particularly at the Museum of Natural History, where he had a great many admirers and where his not less illustrious son counts still many friends. To render homage to the memory of Louis Agassiz,—is there a more agreeable duty for a professor of the Museum?

I beg you to accept assurances of my most distinguished esteem,

BOUVIERS,

*Professor at the Museum,
Member of the Academy of Sciences.*

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.,

May 9, 1907.

DEAR SIR:

. . . Though not one of the number of those who were so fortunate as to enjoy the immediate instruction of Prof. Louis Agassiz, it was my privilege as a young man to meet him, and in common with all men of science the world over, I hold his memory in supreme regard. His work and his fame are imperishable.

I am with sincere regards, yours truly,

W. J. HOLLAND,

Director of the Carnegie Institute.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY,
BALTIMORE, May 20.

SIR:

My disappointment because of my inability to attend the meeting in honor of the memory of Louis Agassiz is so great that I hope you will not be displeased if I write to you something more than a formal note of regret.

My own debt to the inspiration of this greatest of all teachers is a very great one, and the memory of his genial and stimulating and charming personality is and will always be very vivid in my mind.

I also owe much to the instruction and encouragement of some who had been his students, and have labored to perpetuate his influence. To one of them I owe my determination, and to another my ability, to devote myself to science.

I hope you will permit me to add that I have always regarded it as my duty and pleasure to do all that has been in my power to assist in carrying on this work.

This I have sought to do by reading and discussing, once in three years, with my own students, the Essay on Classification, and by giving them my own reasons for my belief that its idealistic philosophy is not behind the times, but far in advance of the modern progress of mechanical explanations of the facts of zoölogy.

I have also read with them, once in two years, the delightful story of his inspiring life, as told by Mrs. Agassiz.

Yours respectfully,

W. K. BROOKS.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION,
UNITED STATES NATIONAL MUSEUM,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 9, 1907.

MY DEAR SIR:

I have received the invitation of the Society to attend the reunion of the pupils of Agassiz on the 27th. I regret very much that prior engagements will not permit me to join in your company and in person give utterance to the appreciation of what science in America owes to one whose genius and enthusiasm inspired all who knew

him. Great as were his personal contributions to knowledge and to the working equipment of students, I believe they are hardly comparable with the effect his personality had upon the laity as well as the professional student.

Looking back upon it, I believe that those who were not witnesses of his living influence can have hardly any conception of what it was in molding public opinion and inspiring students. It made science esteemed among the most indifferent; it loosened the purse strings of the most confirmed "practical business man," and it taught the whole community for the first time something of what is meant by the true "scientific spirit."

I remember a lady, totally ignorant of science and scientific men, who attended a reception to Professor Agassiz many years ago, and came home in a state of delirious enthusiasm over her delightful evening. Her friends asked, "What did he say, what did he do, to excite you so?" "Oh," she said, "I don't know, I can't remember, he just beamed!"

The "beams" which illumined that evening were typical of those from the same source whose "light and leading" have endured ever since, and will not fail while science has a home in America.

Yours very sincerely,

WM. H. DALL.

RIO DE JANEIRO, June 29, 1865.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

To-day is the last Thursday of June, and though I have just returned from the most interesting and instructive excursion I ever made, I do not forget what I lose for being absent from Cambridge. On that day I used to close the annual exercises of the School, as long as I was able to keep it, and when I had to give it up, on that day, year after year, you have shown me not only that you cared to remember it, but that you were even willing to give me an unmistakable evidence of your remembrance by coming together to Cambridge on that Anniversary to bid your old teacher a "good morning," which Mrs. Agassiz and I valued very highly.

I regret especially that I cannot meet you this year, on account

of the great events of the past few months. I would like to have read upon your faces the realization of your most ardent wishes in the return of peace, through the consolidation of our institutions and our nationality, for which you have toiled during four distressing years, helping those who needed help and cheering those who had the heaviest blows to bear. I wish also I could have seen the expression of your abhorrence of the crime which has deprived the nation of its first magistrate, mingled with your confidence in the preservation of our invaluable gains won through hardships and privations.

Among all these exciting experiences I cannot expect that you should have thought often of your former teachers, and yet I believe that when the occasion returns you will be glad to hear of our travels in this wonderful tropical world, to listen to my remarks upon the progress of our knowledge in those departments of Natural History which have a special attraction for me, and I am sure you will wonder on learning of the former existence of glaciers in the tropics as much as I did on first noticing the evidence of the fact. Of this and other unexpected occurrences I shall have more to say when we meet again. To-day I wanted only to send you a friendly remembrance, that you may be satisfied that wherever I am the recollection of my former pupils is always one of those to which I return with the deepest satisfaction.

Ever your old loving teacher,

L. AGASSIZ.

TO MY FORMER PUPILS,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE CLOSE OF THE SCHOOL.

THE CHAIRMAN: It was that beneficent institution, the Lowell Institute, which, through its distinguished head, John Amory Lowell, introduced Agassiz in this country; and we are favored in having with us to speak of Agassiz's connection with the Institute, John Amory Lowell's grandson, Prof. Abbott Lawrence Lowell of Harvard University.

ADDRESS OF ABBOTT LAWRENCE LOWELL

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The only reason that I have been asked to speak here to-night is because the most valuable piece of work the Lowell Institute ever did for our community was in bringing Agassiz to this country. He had already contemplated a journey to America with the Prince of Canino; but the plan fell through, and the assistance given him by the King of Prussia was not in itself enough. It was then that Sir Charles Lyell suggested his name to my grandfather, John Amory Lowell, the trustee of the Institute, in a letter dated March 1, 1845. In it he said:

“Mr. Agassiz, the eminent writer on fossil and recent fishes, and other branches of Natural History, and on Glaciers, a German Swiss who speaks English well, and with whom I correspond, has had an offer from Charles Buonaparte, Prince of Canino, to take him with him to the United States. Agassiz asks me whether I think he could help to pay his expenses by lectures. . . . It is the only offer of courses for the Lowell lectures of a first-rate naturalist which I have had. . . . His visit would be such an era to the American naturalists that I know you will engage him if you have an opening.”

The arrangement was made, and although Mr. Agassiz could not come at once, he began his preparations forthwith. In a letter of December 24, 1845, he says:

“The time which has elapsed since the first mention of these lectures by Mr. Lyell, has enabled me to have a great many beautiful diagrams prepared expressly for the purpose.”

It was necessary to postpone the date for a time, and on July 6th he wrote again. In the postscript of this letter he says:

“If you have no objection, I would give to my course the title of ‘Lectures on the Plan of the Creation, especially in the animal kingdom.’”

In spite of his slender command of the English language, his lectures, which were not read, but delivered orally, were a suc-

cess from the start, and he exerted over his audience a fascination which never lessened in after years. The course of twelve lectures was at once repeated, and one lecture in French was added. In each of the next two years he lectured again, and again his lectures were repeated; in fact he gave a course every few years for the rest of his life. He delivered in all one hundred and sixteen lectures at the Lowell Institute, covering a very wide range of scientific topics.

His first subject, "The Plan of Creation," sounds broadly popular, but Mr. Agassiz's own idea of the aim of his lectures is perhaps best expressed in a letter of 1850, introducing Mr. Lowell to Arago, in which he says (I am translating it from the French): "The influence which the courses given at the Lowell Institute exert is felt throughout the country, because they tend continually to make people appreciate the difference which there is between popularizing and understanding human knowledge, a distinction which has been drawn too little in this country."

I remember well my father's description of the first time he saw Mr. Agassiz, who had just arrived in Boston, and came down at once to stay at my grandfather's house on the North Shore. By way of entertaining him my father — then a lad of sixteen — took Mr. Agassiz out rowing. They had not gone far when Mr. Agassiz observed the markings on the rocks, and, suggesting they should row in and examine them, began to explain to my father about the glacial theory, and the effect of the ice upon the rocks. It has been commonly said that Mr. Agassiz began his teaching in America with a course of lectures at the Lowell Institute, but that is only in part true. He began to teach the first person whom he met, and his life was one continuous stream of teaching, by popular lectures, by college courses, and by informal conversations, in lecture halls, on expeditions, in the presence of nature and by the wayside; and he continued to teach everybody that he met for the next twenty-seven years, until the night came when no man can work.

It would be presumptuous for one who never had the privilege of studying under him to speak about his influence with his pupils, or the permanent value of his great contributions to science; but the effect upon the general public of his presence among us was not

less valuable. He spread interest in scientific study through the whole community, taught men its importance, and made them feel that it was worthy to be supported by public generosity. He became, in the public eye, almost the impersonation of science. I remember very well how mothers were faced by the problem: "If Mr. Agassiz says that the world was not literally created in six days, what are you to tell your children?" Mothers, of course, answered the question differently; but the striking thing to me was, that the question was not put in the form, "If science teaches," but "If Mr. Agassiz says," his name being looked upon by the community as synonymous with scientific knowledge.

In these days when we are told that the scientific man of the future will necessarily be far removed from the public ken, and will work out his great results unseen in solitary intellectual fields, that he dwells in a region which the mass of men can never enter, and with which, therefore, they can have little in common; in the days, when these views are held, it is well to recall not only the massive brain of Mr. Agassiz, but the generous mind that yearned to share his own thought with the rest of the world, to reveal to every one the secrets that he had learned by patient observation, to popularize science in the sense of making plain the great fundamental truths of nature, and so bring all men into partnership with his own great discoveries.

His sympathy for others was so great as to crave sympathy from all men in his own pursuit. He believed that science should be the care of every one. He therefore felt that science was a part of a liberal education; and it is only in this way that science can attain the wide support and impulse which can alone carry any branch of learning to its highest fruition. We can never forget our debt to Louis Agassiz, or prosper without his spirit.

MONSIEUR & TRÈS HONORÉ COLLÈGUE :

L'interêt que vous prenez au mouvement intellectuel du monde entier, me fait un devoir de saisir l'occasion de vous faire faire la connaissance de Mr. John A. Lowell et de lui procurer l'avantage de causer avec vous sur l'état des sciences et de l'instruction publique en Amérique. Comme

vous le savez sans doute déjà Mr. Lowell est le directeur du seul établissement scientifique de ce pays qui soit fondé sur des bases analogue à celles du collège de France. L'influence qu' exercent les cours quise donnent au Lowell Institute se fait sentir dans tout le pays ; car ils tendent continuellement à faire mieux comprendre la différence qu'il y a entre populariser et entendre les connaissances humaines, différence que l'on a trop peu faite de ce pays. Mr. Lowell est notre Benjamin Delessert ; il a droit à toute la considération des hommes de la science, tout pour son savoir que pour les vues généreuses qui le guident dans sa gestion de L'Institut de Boston et je ne doute pas que M. le Secrétaire perpétuel de l'Académie des sciences ne lui fasse le meilleur accueil possible.

Agreez

Monsieur très-cher collègue,
l'assurance de ma haute considération

L. R. AGASSIZ.

Columbia de la Carolina Sud

20 Mars 1850.

M. T. ARAGO, Secrétaire perpétuel de l'Acad. des Sc. à Paris.

Extract of a letter of Charles Lyell, written from Bloomsbury, March 1, 1845, to John Amory Lowell, Esq., in relation to Professor Agassiz.

I now wish to mention another subject—Mr. Agassiz the eminent writer on fossils and recent fishes and other branches of Natural History and on "Glaciers"—a German Swiss who speaks English well and with whom I correspond, has had an offer from Charles Buonaparte, Prince of Canino, to take him with him this year to the United States. Agassiz asks me whether I think he could help to pay his expenses by lectures. I wrote immediately to say "Yes." I wrote him that although I feared your appointments for 1845–1846 would be all full, I would apply to you without delay and recommend him (Agassiz) to you. He wishes to visit the museums of the United States, see naturalists, etc. It is the only offer of services for the Lowell lectures of a first-rate naturalist which I have had. He proposes to lecture on Paleontology, having done so in the University of Neuchâtel. I have heard him speak well enough in England where he is a universal favorite to be effective, and he must be improved of late as he has been working at the language. You know how few there are whom I would recommend to you. Even six lectures might I think (at $\frac{1}{2}$ the pay) enable him to accom-

plish his mission, and his visit would be such an era to the American naturalists that I know you will engage him if you have an opening. Personally he is a most agreeable, gentlemanlike, and honest man. I believe that any month you could name would suit him. I expect an answer from him immediately, but I have in no way compromised you. With kind remembrances of myself and Mrs. Lyell to Mrs. Lowell and your family, believe me, etc.

CHA. LYELL.

Letter of Professor Agassiz, written from Paris, 6 July, 1846, to John Amory Lowell, Lowell Institute, Boston.

MY DEAR SIR :

Scientific labours cannot be hurried ; that is the reason why I still remain at Paris, after having written I should have been in Boston about the middle of summer ; but the distinguished reception I have met with in this great centre of science, the honour the Academy has conferred on me on adjudging me the first prize of physiology, has induced me to do something more in that line I did not intend to finish before visiting your country. Now time is pressing, summer is running away, and I feel it my duty to write to you about the contemplated lectures, that you might not be uncertain about them. So far as the subject is concerned I am quite ready, all the necessary illustrations are also prepared, and if I am not mistaken they must, by this time, be in your hands. I sent them in three large boxes, by the New York packet from Havre, to your address, as you were kind enough to allow it. I now propose to leave Paris about the end of July, to stay a short time in London and then to cross the Atlantic by the Liverpool steamer, by the second voyage in August or the first in September. I understood by Mr. Lyell that you wish me to lecture in October ; for this I am quite prepared, as I shall immediately after my arrival in Boston devote all my time to the preparation of my course. If a later date should suit your plans better, I have no objection to conform to any of your arrangements, as I shall at all events pass the whole winter on the shores of the Atlantic and be everywhere in reach of Boston in a very short time.

If you have to write to me upon the subject of the lectures, and if you could let me know whether my boxes have arrived or not, pray direct your answer care of Mr. Dinkel, artist, 24 Tysoe Street, Wilington Square, London. It is he who for eighteen years has drawn all the plates I have published, and whom I shall take over with me to America

in order that I may never be at a loss for a man able to make accurate illustrations of the interesting objects I may happen to observe.

Believe me,

My dear Sir, with much respect

Most sincerely yours,

L. R. AGASSIZ.

PARIS, Rue Copeau No. 4,

The 6 July, 1846.

If you have no objection I would give to my course the title of Lectures on the Plan of the Creation, especially in the animal kingdom.

Letter of Professor Agassiz, written from Neuchâtel, December 24, 1845, to John Amory Lowell, Esq.

DEAR SIR:—

Through the kindness of my friend Mr. Ch. Lyell I have had the honor of being introduced to you in a manner which will be my apology for addressing you upon the subject of the lectures which I thought of delivering in Boston. As unforeseen circumstances, especially my wish to finish those publications which were already under the press, have delayed my departure, I agree fully with your proposal to postpone them to the time you mentioned to Mr. Lyell, and if convenient I will make such arrangements as to be at all events in Boston next autumn. The time which has elapsed since the first mention of these lectures by Mr. Lyell, has enabled me to have a great many beautiful diagrams prepared expressly for this purpose. I may say that I have seen nowhere drawings of the kind executed in so good a manner as the several hundreds I now possess and which are increasing daily in number. Not knowing what subject you may prefer to have introduced by me before the audience of your institution, I have prepared the materials for several distinct subjects, especially the plan of creation, general Zoölogy, the geography of animals, Paleontology, comparative anatomy, and the glaciers. As I intend to stay for several months during the summer in Boston or on the coast of Massachusetts, I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you soon after my arrival and to learn from yourself what course would best suit your plans, in order that I may from that time concentrate my thoughts upon it. Of course the scientific part of my lectures will present no difficulty at all to me, and the drawings I have had made will I think please you very much. The flattering approval which my publications have found in the American scientific journals has

induced me to spare no expense in preparing the fullest illustrations. The language alone could have been a real difficulty in as much as written lectures lose a great deal of their interest; but the delay you allow will perhaps enable me to become so conversant with your language as to be able to deliver the lectures *viva voce*, as I have been accustomed to do here.

As I shall be detained for some weeks more in Paris as well as in London, and as I do not wish to be obliged to take everywhere with me the large boxes containing the above-mentioned drawings and such books and specimens as are necessary to illustrate the subjects upon which I shall have to speak, I should feel extremely obliged by your allowing me to direct them to the Lowell Institute. Any letter which could reach *Paris* before the 15th of March, directed to the care of Dr. Vogt, rue Copeau No. 4, I should get in time to arrange conveniently the expedition of these things. If you have any objection to my sending them direct to you, I should be most obliged by your giving me the name of a person in whose warehouse they could remain safe and especially protected from wet, until my arrival.

I remain,

Dear Sir,

Yours most obediently,

L. R. AGASSIZ.

NEUCHÂTEL, in Switzerland, the 24th Dec., 1845

Extract from letter of Charles Lyell, July 1st, 1845, to John Amory Lowell, in relation to Professor Agassiz.

"I feel very confident that if Agassiz is enabled to stay four or five weeks longer in the U. S. in consequence of aid, he will return the boon threefold in the discoveries he will make. I believe I told you that he wrote to me to say how much he wished to have his lectures as late as you could put them in the session, in order that he might improve his English, which however will do very respectably even now."

THE CHAIRMAN: Many of us who are here present were the pupils of Professor Agassiz indirectly, but I feel that all such claimants, among whom I should include myself, all such claimants are rightly set aside for those whom he directly and technically taught. There is, for instance, one lady present

who was, I have been told, the only pupil of that sex whom he ever called upon to recite before the whole school. I hear that she never got beyond that call, as Agassiz himself opened the whole subject so delightfully before the audience that he never remembered to ask a word of reply from her. She had stood up all the time, meekly offering to be called upon; and she shared the laurels by simply holding her tongue. Following that precedent I will not ask more of her while she is present in the audience. But we have on the platform an eminent teacher of science, a pupil of Agassiz, one who has asked questions of a whole generation of pupils in the Institute of Technology, and, as I have always understood, has given them plenty of time to answer, which doubtless they have not always improved to advantage; and I have the honor of introducing to you Professor Emeritus William H. Niles, formerly of Cambridge for many years, but now, I regret to say, having moved to the neighboring metropolis of Boston.

ADDRESS OF WILLIAM HARMON NILES

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: One who for four years occupied a student's table in the laboratory of Professor Louis Agassiz most naturally feels a deep interest in the occasion you are observing this evening. I think it is to be regretted that among that large number of students that were in his laboratory it is possible for so few to be present with us this evening. Separation by wide distances, occupation in speaking at other similar occasions either to-day or to-morrow, with sometimes the infirmities of age, prevent some from being here; but there are other reasons which have reduced our number. When we remember that nearly half a century has passed since the laboratories of Professor Agassiz were filled with professional students, and when we remember that those of us who were gathered there had already been students as many or more years than the college student has when he completes his course, it will be seen at once that the slow but sure action of

time is the main cause for reducing our number to its present size. And thus it has fallen to me to speak for my old associates, for the men who were in the group to which I belonged, to speak to you this evening something of the remembrances of the students he had in his laboratory.

First, I wish to say to the Historical Society of Cambridge that we thank you for making this occasion at which we can speak or express our sentiments by letter, of the estimation in which we hold that great and valuable teacher whom we so long enjoyed, Louis Agassiz. When I think of the notable traits which come before one's memory, I find them so many that it is with the greatest difficulty I make a selection. But the first that appeals to me, as it does to every one, was the genial, happy, thoroughly genuine reception which he gave to us. It was a spirit of welcome that was so true, so lasting, so natural, that I believe it to be the temperament which blessed him on that day which we are commemorating now one hundred years ago. He came always with a happy word of welcome. I remember very well how he used to speak to those who were candidates for becoming students of his, and how he used to say, very friendly,—“So you have come to study natural history with me, have you?” And after a few words he would say,—“To which class of animals have you given the greatest attention?” And then he would say, very friendly, “I will assign you some specimens to work upon which represent that class which you like the best.” He began in his laboratory with methods that have sometimes been criticised, because they have not been understood thoroughly; I wish to speak something of their application to the particular students he had with him. It should be always remembered that he was training professional men, or training men to become professional,—that it was not the kind of discipline he would naturally advocate for any school of ordinary character. When, therefore, he gave a student a series of specimens, and told him that he must come there day after day and study only those specimens, that there should not be found a book upon his table, that he should not ask his assistants any questions concerning the problem which he assigned him, and when he said to him, “I think you can solve this problem in three weeks, or four weeks, or five weeks (as the case might be) — Good morn-

ing," some would think that was too severe a task. But we must bear in mind what we have said, that he was trying to find out whether there was a capacity in the candidate for observation. And he had another task before him, and that was to determine whether the candidate was really there with a recognized, earnest purpose to study natural history. I remember when I was first introduced to that eccentric Father Taylor, of Seamen's Bethel fame, and he said to me, "Are you studying natural history, or are you studying Agassiz?" There were others who came to study Agassiz. Sometimes he tested those who came to him by setting them problems which brought permanently to an end all their aspirations for the study of natural history,—and thus he was relieved of having to tell them that they were unqualified to study nature, and did not have to spend time upon worthless material. Then we must remember that that cordiality with which he received everybody was a power in teaching. He enthused every one with a love for the work,—I mean every one that was qualified for it. I deem that there is no higher purpose, no higher function that a teacher can serve than to inspire his students with a love for just that work that they ought to perform; and if they are persons of ability they will certainly come finally to success. He had that power to a remarkable degree, and in that, which was a part of his temperament, was the great success of his teaching. There were some things that struck us as very remarkable, and among those were his powers of observation. They were very quick, very penetrating, very far-reaching, and when he would pick up a fish that he had never seen, or somebody brought him one that he had never seen before, and before he could tell him where that fish came from he would say,—“Well, that is from some inland body of salt water, like the Mediterranean Sea.” And he was right. How he could know so much from simply looking at a fish was to us a mystery. The mystery often came to us in the quickness with which he could determine from small fragments of a creature exactly what the creature was, to what part of the creature it belonged, and reveal much of its history. These powers of observation were united with a most wonderful power of memory. It seems as though he never forgot any creature that he had ever seen from his boyhood to the time when we

knew him. Those ladies who were in his home school knew very well what that power of memory was, for they often noticed how quickly he would recognize them and even call them by name when he met them on the street or in the car, showing that power of memory which took in the whole class which he met with so infrequently, remembering them and placing them just where they should be. This power of observation and wonderful memory were a great source of success to him as a teacher. Another point was that he had acquaintance with so many men of science in the old world. He soon made us familiar not only with the names of Humboldt and others, whom we remember so well, but so many other names that it seemed to us that we were in the presence of a man who had known the science of the old world and had brought that here to the new world and placed it before us for our edification. This was to us an opportunity which was invaluable, to become acquainted with the work done in the old world, an opportunity we could never have had under any other teacher.

And then what shall I say of his scientific attainments? That is a subject so extensive, so broad, that I can scarcely touch upon it. Of course you don't expect me to tell you about the 418 titles of his different writings in science. I will simply mention one of them, a book which he wrote with great labor before he came to this country, and that was his noted work on fossil fishes. I wish to call your attention to that work as being one of the best of its kind, and one, furthermore, that he had wrought out by making observations not only in the country in which he resided, but in going to other lands and studying the cabinets that belonged to many other naturalists. But I particularly call your attention to that work because in it he said, what I have heard him say personally, that he considered that his greatest achievement in science was to have shown to the world that there was a distinct analogy between the geological succession of fossil-fishes and their embryological development and their rank in zoölogical classification. I think some of the students of the present day hardly remember that, which he stated as one of the greatest features of his work. When he came to this country he enjoyed greatly the opportunity of studying animals by the seaside in a way better than he had ever enjoyed before. He here found them in their habitat and could

there study them as he always wished to study them. And so he went on with his work with as much system, with as much earnestness and zeal as he ever did in any part of his life, until he attained great distinction as a marine zoölogist. His knowledge of the animals that live in the sea was great, and very impressive upon us his students. He, however, had but few opportunities to study those that lived at the depths of a great open sea. That was stored with riches yet to be explored and had to be left to others. Fortunately he left a son who became distinguished as an oceanographer. I wish he could have lived to have known the grand achievements that have been made in the study of oceanography with the improved apparatus and costly voyages. I wish he could have been with me two years ago at the geographical congress that was held in New York, and I wish he could have listened to the words of Sir John Murray of England, that great explorer of the deep sea, when he said, "We are happy to meet here in this country this year, this country which is the home of that chief among oceanographers, Alexander Agassiz."

We should also speak of the great work which he did in founding the Museum in this city. I believe the members of the Historical Society would be amused if they could go back in years and see the original. It was on the Cambridge bank of the Charles River, near the road now developed into Boylston Street. Some timbers of a wreck of a former structure had been united by rough boards which served as shelves, and they received the specimens which were the first prophecy of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy. The present structure was also begun under his direction, and two-fifths of the north wing was completed while he was still with us. But it is through the generosity of that son whom I have mentioned it has been extended, until now you know its grand proportions, and you are aware of its princely worth to this city and to our country. I wish here to state that there are specimens in that Museum that are not perishable, which come from the solid rock of ancient ages, and for ages yet to come will be the great monument of great naturalists who have founded in our city a noble museum, and have given it a renown throughout the world.

I wish to speak of another phase of his work. When he said to me, "What group of animals have you studied most?"

I thought I saw a cloud come over his face when I told him that I had been most interested in the collection of minerals. "Minerals!" he said. But when I explained to him that it was the result of my environment that led me to take up that study, he at once said, "I think I can suit your earnestness for learning something of nature." And he certainly did. I still retained, throughout my whole work, my special love for geology, and he always encouraged me in it. Of course I had a special interest in the work he had done in the study of the glaciers. His lectures were to me a great treasure. When I had completed my course, and before I had yet gone to the various places where he had been, I was familiar with them; so much so that a Swiss guide said to me the first time I went with him, "You say you have not been in this country before?" "I have not," I said. "Well, how do you explain to me that you know every stone about here and every mountain so thoroughly?" I said, "Because I have been under the instruction of Louis Agassiz." He bowed his head and was evidently satisfied.

When Agassiz came to this country he brought with him, as Professor Lowell has said, that perfection of observation which enabled him to detect the markings of the glacial action in various parts of our land. He found his evidences all along our Atlantic coast, and when in 1848 he made that expedition to Lake Superior, he taught the students that went with him the glaciation of the country nearly all the way out there and back again, and he even observed and recorded those terraces above Lake Superior, which are evidences of the former high standing of the water. Thus at that time he was enabled to announce to the world that he had proved that glaciers had once covered the major portion, at least, of this continent of North America. That announcement was not accepted by all. There were people also in the old world that did not believe when he taught them that glaciers had occupied England and Scotland. Perhaps the most noted among these was his old friend Sir Roderick Murcheson, the Director-general of the geological survey of Great Britain. In 1859 he received from Murcheson a very friendly letter, and, speaking in highest terms of endearment, he said, "Yet, Mr. Agassiz, I cannot accept your belief that the glaciers ever radiated out from the Alps and spread

across to the Jura." But one morning, as he came to the laboratory, he held in his hand a paper which evidently pleased him much. He had scarcely entered the door when he said, "There, gentlemen, is a letter from Sir Roderick Murcheson, in which he acknowledges that the glacial theory must be accepted for the world." It was a moment of supreme enjoyment to him when that man whom he had loved so much and so long, that man who represented the standing of geologic science in Great Britain, had come to accept his theory.

And what has that teaching of the glaciation of this country done for us? The science which is a division of geology now, which we know as glaciology, emanated from his teaching. I remember very well his saying to us, "Gentlemen, it is all before you to discover how much there is that I do not know in this glacial region." We now recognize it in the physiographic features of the land, we behold in it much that we enjoy. The location of our Cambridge streets is largely in accordance with the theories he advanced. As I walk through Cambridge I see evidences of the truth of his teachings at almost every step. We can fully comprehend the foundations of Cambridge, we can thoroughly know the ground upon which this Memorial Hall is erected only by accepting the glacial theory of Professor Louis Agassiz.

So let our words this evening be in the spirit of honorable recognition and thankful praise for that event of one hundred years ago, which gave to us that inspiring teacher, that illustrious man of science, Louis Agassiz.

THE CHAIRMAN: The hour has now arrived when a perhaps unappreciated presiding officer may in some manner justify himself. At an early stage of the meeting I was so eager in my hopes and expectations that I called for the music to be furnished to-night, and another official who deserves well of us, so that I will not mention him, called attention to the fact that there was not to be any music. He unfortunately, for some reason or other, had not sufficiently studied the program he himself made out. I was wrong, perhaps, in putting the music too early, but I will now introduce the

music to you in the form of a reading of one poem on Agassiz's fiftieth birthday, and another poem, "The Prayer of Agassiz." They proceed, respectively, from Longfellow and Whittier; and if they are not music enough to satisfy you, I shall be disappointed. I will call upon Mr. Winter to give me that vindication.

The poem by Longfellow entitled "The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz," and the poem by Whittier entitled "The Prayer of Agassiz," were read by Professor Irvah Lester Winter of Harvard University.

THE CHAIRMAN: We have heard the whole scientific life of Professor Agassiz, its sympathies and its atmosphere, portrayed to us by one who had been closely associated with him in that direction. I shall now have the pleasure of introducing to you one whose contact with him, as far as I know, was on other grounds, whose own life has been in the midst of the laws of men and nations, which do not always precisely coincide with the laws of nature, and who, upon that middle ground, had intimate relations with Professor Agassiz. I have the pleasure of introducing to you Professor John Chipman Gray, of the Law School.

ADDRESS OF JOHN CHIPMAN GRAY

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: As a boy in college I attended a course of lectures by Mr. Agassiz. Little of their matter has stayed by me, but after the lapse of half a century I have a vivid recollection of his entrancing manner and the flow of beautiful English with the slight foreign accent, just enough to arrest the attention. You have heard from those who speak with authority what Mr. Agassiz was to his pupils, and what he was to natural science. For me, whose studies have lain in other fields than the pleasant fields of nature, and who hardly knows the difference between a mastodon and an echinoderm, except that one is

bigger than the other, it would be an impertinence to speak of Agassiz as a man of science. But I would like to say a few words, a very few, as to what Agassiz, the man, was to the community of Cambridge and Boston. That community was a homogeneous society, of English descent and Puritan in manners. Since the wave of jacobinism had spent itself, the influence of the Continent of Europe on New England had been slight, and of the Continental temperament we had little vital experience. Young men of means made the grand tour abroad and brought home engravings by Raphael Morghen to put on their walls, and well-bound volumes of Racine and Molière for their book-shelves, but they soon fell back into the life of those about them. If an occasional individual, like Longfellow or Prescott or Lowell or Holmes, retained strong marks of his foreign experience, it was experience grafted on a New England stock. Hosea Biglow and the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table were Yankees of the Yankees. Occasionally a Frenchman, Italian, or German, above the intellectual grade of a barber, came over to give a course of Lowell Lectures or to see Niagara, but he went away. Those who lived among us, and we remember some such, refined and delicate men and women, were quiet and unassuming. They made no mark. Such was our society; if here and there some one strove to pass beyond the somewhat narrow limits of ordinary life, it was in the direction of mysticism. A pilgrimage to Concord, or a sojourning at Brook Farm might perhaps make for a higher culture, but hardly for a broader. Into this society of ours, a society of deep feeling, but which repressed its feeling, which made a merit of the repression, which was fond of saying and thinking that still waters run deep,—a society of strong enthusiasms, but enthusiasms confined to theology or politics; of generosity, but of generosity which spent itself in relieving suffering, or advancing morals, or other directly utilitarian ends, rather than in encouraging the disinterested pursuit of knowledge,—into this society came Agassiz; *venit, vidit, vicit*; a man of different race and temperament, without a particle of that self-conscious shyness, part pride, part vanity, part pure *gaucherie* which conceals feelings and aspirations, on the contrary, with an inborn imperative need and power of expressing them; he broke the fetters which bound the feelings of those among whom he

came; he gave a new outlet for their enthusiasm, he opened their purse-strings in the cause of natural science. To excite interest in public institutions outside those for the usual directly utilitarian and moral ends, the school, the hospital, the church, was no easy task. Its accomplishment was facilitated by the fact, noted by Professor James in his sketch of Mr. Agassiz, that "his view of nature was saturated with simple religious feeling; and for this deep but unconventional religiosity he found at [the] Harvard [of those days] the most sympathetic possible environment." The story is best told in the sketch to which I have referred; you will, I know, be glad for me to steal a page from it.

"On an October morning fifty years ago [Agassiz] disembarked at our port, bringing his hungry heart along with him, his confidence in his destiny, and his imagination full of plans. The only particular resource he was assured of was one course of Lowell Lectures. But of one general resource he always was assured, having always counted on it and never found it to fail — and that was the good-will of every fellow-creature in whose presence he could find an opportunity to describe his aims. His belief in these was so intense and unqualified that he could not conceive of others not feeling the furtherance of them to be a duty binding also upon them. *Velle non discitur*, as Seneca says: Strength of desire must be born with a man; it cannot be taught. And Agassiz came before one with such enthusiasm glowing in his countenance, such a persuasion radiating from his person, that his projects were the sole things really fit to interest man as man — that he was absolutely irresistible. He came, in Byron's words, with victory beaming from his breast, and every one went down before him, some yielding him money, some time, some specimens, and some labor, but all contributing their applause and their godspeed. And so, living among us from month to month and from year to year, with no relation to prudence except his pertinacious violation of all her usual laws, he on the whole achieved the compass of his desires, and died the idol of the public, as well as of his circle of immediate pupils and friends. . . . He was so commanding a presence, so curious and inquiring, so responsive and expansive, and so generous and reckless of himself and of his own, that every one said immediately, 'Here is no musty savant, but a man, a great man, a man on the heroic scale, not to serve whom is avarice and sin.'"

Indeed, of those devoted men, vulgarly called charity beggars but, in truth, to be named creators of beneficence, he was the great exemplar. I must not say in this presence that he has had no equal, but he has had no superior. I do not disparage his diplomatic skill, which was very great; but the secret of his success, as it has been with those who have succeeded like him, was the man's own belief and love in and for the cause he was advocating. Nothing arouses enthusiasm and devotion like devotion and enthusiasm, and with these Agassiz's mind and heart were full and running over.

We must not forget, we are in no danger of forgetting, one of the best gifts of Agassiz to us, — those of his name and race whom he left behind him, and who, in science, in art, in every good work, have been, like him, themselves earnest workers, or, like him, to others an inspiration.

THE CHAIRMAN: It was a Greek tradition that the real founder of a city was he who brought the wise men to dwell there; and I wish to introduce as the closing speaker the founder of Cambridge in this respect, President Eliot.

ADDRESS OF CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Mr. Dana in opening this meeting spoke of the Saturday Club and Agassiz as a member. His words reminded me of the only occasion when I ever heard a speech made at that Club. I have been a member of it now about thirty-five years, and only on this one occasion did I ever hear a speech made there. It was when Agassiz, who at that time always sat at the foot of the table, was going away on that long voyage of the Hassler round Cape Horn. At the head of the table sat Longfellow, as usual, and along the sides sat many of the men just mentioned by Mr. Dana. Near the close of the dinner Longfellow suddenly rose, and to our great astonishment said, — "Our dear friend Agassiz is going away; he is going on a long voyage in the hope of recovering his health; we shall miss him grievously; we shall welcome him back most thankfully, restored to health. Let us drink his health now." And we all got up except Agassiz, and

drank his health; and then he rose and struggled to say something, and could not; and finally the tears rolled down his cheeks and he sat down speechless. It was a vivid instance of a characteristic quality in Agassiz, namely, the strength of his emotions. He was a man of strong and deep emotions, and his influence over us restrained, reserved Americans was largely due to the intensity of his feelings, and to the way in which his face and his body expressed those feelings.

He was, as has been repeatedly said here this evening, a born teacher and expositor. He expounded clearly and sympathetically before any audience the fundamental principles of his science, and gave examples illustrating the principles with both hands and with shining, smiling face. He was just that, — a teacher by nature, an enthusiastic, earnest, moving teacher.

As Professor Gray has just said, he came into this Puritan society like a warm glow into a chilly room. He was a revolutionary spirit in Harvard College, an exception to all our rules. He welcomed special students, for instance, who could not possibly pass the examinations for admission to Harvard College. He kept them for years in his laboratory, training them in his observational method, — quite a new introduction among us. Many of our best people disapproved of that method! The son of one of our most distinguished surgeons submitted himself to the teaching of Agassiz in the crude zoölogical laboratory, and received several trilobites upon which he was expected to spend weeks, — examining them, seeing what he could discover in them, and making a record of his discoveries. He was kept at this sort of work for weeks without a book, and without plates. He was to make his own plates. At last the son described this process to the father as novel and interesting, but difficult. Now that father was at bottom a naturalist, like every physician or surgeon, and yet he said, — “What! no book, no plates, no guidance from the wisdom of all preceding generations! Set just to use your own senses on these fossils!” “Yes,” said the son, “that was the whole of it.” “Well,” said the father, “that is exactly the way a puppy has to learn everything.” The criticism was a real one; the father thought that Agassiz was neglecting all the natural and proper aids which past time had placed at the service of human youth.

And then, what a new kind of professor Agassiz was in this old town! He had none of the regular habits of the traditional Harvard professor. He did not even wear the characteristic black clothes. He would cross the College Yard any day of the week, at any hour of the day, in a very soft, grey felt hat, smoking a cigar when to smoke in the College Yard was a grave offence. He never went to church. Sunday was his day of rest, but he did not take it in the New England fashion. His mode of lecturing was unexampled among us. His conception of the duty of a professor to investigate, to discover, to collect, we had only noticed faintly in a few exceptional American teachers. Those methods had been introduced in small measure among us; but those were the prime ideas of Agassiz as a professor and a teacher.

There were but two pitiful little collections in the possession of the University when Agassiz first came here, — a collection of minerals, imperfect, small, and never properly arranged, and the beginnings of a botanic garden and herbarium. The idea of making great collections of natural history objects hardly existed among us; we had hardly aspired to such collections.

And then, he raised such astonishing sums of money for these new subjects of zoölogy and geology. A good deal of jealousy about this extraordinary money-raising was felt by members of other departments long established in Cambridge for the traditional subjects for collegiate instruction. I remember one night at my uncle Mr. George Ticknor's, hearing this jealousy expressed by one of Professor Agassiz's colleagues in Harvard University. But Mr. Ticknor said, — "Don't be alarmed; Agassiz will get more money out of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for his subjects than any of you have dreamed of getting, than any of you could possibly get; but he will so equip his subject, he will set such a standard for collections in all subjects, that every department of learning in the University will profit by his achievements." That is just what has turned out to be the truth.

Agassiz founded here an institution; and he has had this unusual felicity, — that his son, an extraordinary naturalist and an extraordinary man of business, has built up with prodigious skill and liberality the institution which his father founded. That, I say, is a rare felicity.

Every teacher who is eminently successful as teacher, inspirer, and enthusiast, wins another sort of felicity in time. He brings up a group of disciples, and these disciples carry their master's teaching beyond their master's own range, and adapt his teachings to the new conditions which rapidly come about in science, — indeed, in all kinds of learning and working, and in modern society as a whole. That felicity Agassiz has enjoyed, — a beautiful felicity, a rare reward.

So we welcome this commemoration of a great teacher and a noble friend, and we say with Longfellow at the Saturday Club, — We miss him greatly, but we rejoice in his coming back to us in durable memory, and in the infinite ramifications of his personal influence.

THE CHAIRMAN : Thanking the audience most cordially for the attention which has made the task of the speakers comparatively easy, and hoping that all of us will hereafter be able to bear in our minds some new memories, some more attractive associations with the studies that made our friend's life so precious, I will declare the meeting of the evening adjourned.

THE NINTH MEETING

BEING THE THIRD ANNUAL MEETING

THE NINTH MEETING, being the Third Annual Meeting, of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, was held the Twenty-second day of October, nineteen hundred and seven, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in the building of the Cambridge Latin School, Trowbridge Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. The President, RICHARD HENRY DANA, presided.

On behalf of the Council, ALBERT BUSHNELL HART submitted its Annual Report, as follows:

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNCIL

SINCE the twenty-fourth of April, 1906, there have been six meetings of the Council, all of which, with one exception, have been held in the room, and by the courtesy, of the Trustees of the Cambridge Public Library.

In the regular membership of the Society there has been one death — that of a faithful and interested member, MRS. WILLIAM READ — and six resignations. On the other hand, four persons have qualified as regular members and three persons have been elected to associate membership; so that the membership is one hundred and ninety-one regular members, five associate members, and three honorary members. There is a considerable waiting list.

Several standing committees¹ have been appointed by the Council to promote the work of the Society.

Steady progress has been made in establishing the work of the Society in the public confidence and service. Perhaps no single

¹ For a list of these Committees see page 136 of this Volume of Proceedings.

efforts have been more effective in these respects than the celebration of the centenaries of Longfellow and Agassiz.

When the second volume of the Proceedings of the Society, which is now in press, shall be published, containing as it will the full report of these celebrations, it will be one of the most notable publications of the kind in recent years.

Mr. Longfellow's long residence in Cambridge, and his unique place in the public mind as the Cambridge poet, made the observance of his birthday peculiarly fitting; and a plan was initiated long in advance, and was comprehensively developed under a large committee of representative Cambridge citizens, with Professor Charles Eliot Norton as chairman. For the public meeting it was fortunately possible to secure as the speakers some of the most distinguished surviving friends and contemporaries of the poet, — Professor Norton, Colonel Higginson, Mr. Aldrich, President Eliot, and Mr. Howells; and although, owing to illness, neither Mr. Howells nor Mr. Aldrich could be present at the public exercises, the paper by the former and the poem by the latter, written for the occasion, were read by Mr. Bliss Perry and Mr. Charles Townsend Copeland, respectively. It is not too much to say that this public meeting was among the most notable, from a literary and historic standpoint, that have occurred in America during the present generation. Mr. Aldrich's connection with it was heightened by his lamented death soon afterward, which left his beautiful tribute to Longfellow the last that he ever wrote.

In addition to the public exercises, the celebration of the Longfellow centenary included several other unusual and interesting features:

(1) A valuable and sympathetic memoir of the poet was written by Professor Charles Eliot Norton, and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

(2) A Centenary Medal, of high artistic merit, was struck by Tiffany & Co. from a design by Mr. Bela L. Pratt, for which a list of nearly a hundred and fifty subscribers was quickly secured, including many prominent libraries and individual collectors scattered over the United States.

(3) A Longfellow Centenary Exhibition of rare editions, manuscripts, portraits, and other memorabilia, was held for about ten

days, including the week of the Centenary, in the building and under the faithful charge of the Public Library, and was attended by over two thousand visitors.

(4) On the day itself of the Centenary, special exercises were held in the public, private, and parochial schools of Cambridge; and a Children's Hour, consisting of an address by Bishop William Lawrence, a reading by Mr. Charles Townsend Copeland, and other exercises, for the pupils of the grammar grades of those schools, was held in the New Lecture Hall through the courtesy of Harvard University.

(5) Through the kindness of Miss Longfellow, the opportunity was given to the public during certain hours to inspect Craigue House.

In arranging for the celebration of the Agassiz Centenary, a shorter time was available, yet the interest of the public was very great, and the exercises in Sanders Theatre were very successful. The speakers brought out the various aspects in which the career of Agassiz touched American life and scholarship. Colonel Higginson presided and spoke from the standpoint of the man of letters, Professor A. Lawrence Lowell dealt with Agassiz' connection with the Lowell Institute, Professor William Harmon Niles represented the surviving pupils of Agassiz, Professor John Chipman Gray spoke of Agassiz' connection with and influence upon the Cambridge community, and President Eliot described his connection with Harvard University. The reading, by Professor Irvah Lester Winter, of the two poems on Agassiz by Longfellow and Whittier was most appropriate. In addition to these public exercises, the pupils of the Cambridge schools, to the number of over two thousand, were conducted by official guides, during the week of the Centenary, through the great Museum founded by Agassiz in Cambridge.

Of course, in order to carry out in a suitable manner such ambitious undertakings as these two public celebrations, and the publication of the Proceedings, more money has been required than has been yielded by the modest fees prescribed by the By-Laws; and the Society is deeply indebted and truly grateful to the individuals who have promptly and generously responded to its appeals for extra contributions for these purposes. In this and other ways

these extra expenses have so far been met; but a society like this cannot continue to take advantage of the varied and important opportunities presented to it in Cambridge for public service and for the promotion of historical work unless it shall receive a more liberal support from its regular membership, and in a regular way. The Council, therefore, after careful consideration, have recommended the increase in the dues embodied in the amendments to the By-Laws proposed by it for the adoption of the Society this evening, and entertain the hope that they will be acceptable to the Society. In the judgment of the Council, however, the purposes of the Society can never be realized until it shall have a building of a size and form suitable to its needs and connected in some form with the Public Library, and also an endowment sufficient to meet the expenses of its regular and special publications and other undertakings. With such support, the Society could render a public service constantly increasing in variety and importance. Other cities less favored in historical associations, in the memories of great men, and in the presence of a national institution of learning, have formed such societies and have made their buildings and collections centres of intellectual influence. No community in the United States has such an opportunity to make the history of the present an influence and a stimulus in the minds of the rising generation.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SECRETARY

UNDER the By-Laws, the Secretary performs the duties sometimes in other societies divided between a recording secretary and a corresponding secretary. His duties, therefore, may be divided broadly into several classes. He records in two distinct records, though in one book, the transactions of the Society and of the Council; he supervises the execution of the plans of work outlined and initiated by the Council; and he conducts the correspondence incidental to the general work of the Society and to the printing and circulation of its publications.

During the past year, the work of keeping the records has been the least exacting. The chief work of the Secretary has been

executive and epistolary. The greater part of this work has been in connection with the celebrations of the centenaries of Longfellow and Agassiz. To mention but one aspect, such is the popularity of these men that the distribution of tickets for such seats at the public exercises as were reserved for guests and members of the Society was in itself both complicated and exacting. Of course, in connection with these celebrations, there has been an extended correspondence resulting in a large accession of valuable autograph letters, which will be added to the collection of the Society, already a rich one, which has thus far accumulated.

In making up for publication the second volume of *Proceedings*, as it will include the many notable addresses called forth by these special meetings, and also most of the other valuable addresses and reports presented since the date of the first volume of *Proceedings*, the Committee on Publication have had a difficult and protracted task,—involving the preparation of the copy, the correspondence with the speakers and with the publishers, and the reading of proof, etc. The publication of the first volume of *Proceedings* was received with much favor. One copy has been delivered free to each member of the Society; and complimentary copies have been mailed to all the leading historical societies, and to most of the prominent public, college, and university libraries in the United States, and to some similar organizations in Europe. As a result a large number of similar publications, in the form of books and pamphlets, have been received by the Society in return, and form a nucleus of a considerable collection of books and pamphlets. A full list of these and other gifts to the Society since its organization will be found at the end of the second volume of *Proceedings*. And we may expect in the future that such gifts will constantly increase in number in proportion as the work and reputation of our Society shall become known. Extra copies of the first volume of *Proceedings* are on public sale at the Harvard Co-operative Society, and are thus being distributed through the regular book trade. Doubtless, the second volume of *Proceedings*, which is now in press, when published will have a larger public circulation, as it will contain a full report of the Longfellow and Agassiz celebrations, which aroused such general interest. It may be said, on behalf of the Committee on Publication, that they have aimed to secure in the first and second volumes of *Proceedings* publica-

tions which, in form, detail, and contents, should be models of the kind and should reflect credit upon the Society and its work.

Through the continued courtesy of the Trustees and Librarian of the Cambridge Public Library, the gifts above referred to are received and cared for by the Library in separate alcoves or drawers; and the time may soon come when a card catalogue will be required and more space will be needed than can be provided even by the generous consideration of the Library. It is hoped, therefore, that the purposes and work of the Society will so commend themselves to its members and to the public that a suitable building and other necessary facilities, with an adequate endowment, will be soon provided by thoughtful and generous gifts.

ANNUAL REPORT OF CURATOR

I HAVE to thank the Secretary and other members of the Society who have kindly performed the Curator's duties during my absence. The collections of the Society have already begun to grow. Generous friends have given interesting books or relics or pictures, and we can foresee that with judicious stimulation and direction, the collections ought to become very valuable. Not only members of the Society, but all citizens and natives of Cambridge will be moved, I hope, by that civic and historic sense which has lately been quickened in every part of the country, to regard our Society as the natural and proper guardian for antiquarian treasures which might otherwise be dispersed or destroyed.

We wish everybody to feel that, by giving such objects into the custody of the Society, he is helping to perpetuate the traditions of our dear town; helping to keep alive the memory of its worthy founders and continuers and expanders; helping to put into the new generation that reverence for what is noble and vital in the Past without which the Present is only too likely to fall short of the Past.

I hope to see the Cambridge Historical Society possessed of a building of its own, in which to keep and display its collections. What could be more interesting, for instance, than to have one room in that building fitted up exactly like a typical room in the seventeenth century; another room reproduce the eighteenth;

and another the nineteenth? To do that we need gifts of furniture, of appropriate pictures, of books, of letters, of portraits. And after getting our nucleus for each room, we must work systematically to make the exhibit complete.

That is one line along which I would suggest that our friends be urged to give; but it need not be the only one. There are, for instance, certain series of collections which should be started: thus portraits of the early pastors of our churches might comprise one series; portraits of our mayors another; views of our principal streets and squares another; and so on. Take, for example, so apparently simple a subject as what used to be Main Street, from Harvard Square to Quincy Square: who can reconstruct, by photograph or drawing, the buildings on the south side as they were in 1875, or twenty years earlier? We ought certainly to try to get such material about Harvard Square itself from the earliest times down to the present. Here are two fields which some of our enthusiastic members might most profitably cover; and the results of their labors would naturally enrich another room in our House.

We wish to preserve, of course, not merely objects that belong originally indoors; but also tools, weapons, and all sorts of utensils pertaining to life in the earlier days. I would give a great deal to see the axe that cut the first clearing in Newtowne, or the plow that turned the first furrow in that clearing, or the saw which Eliot the carpenter used in trimming the pales which formed the enclosure of the first College hall. We should have a room devoted to articles of this class. And still another collection should be made of dresses and uniforms. Eventually, biographical collections might be added: an alcove, or more, might be dedicated to Lowell, or Longfellow, and into it be put as many personal objects as possible associated with each. Similarly, other worthies might be illustrated.

I offer you a few sample suggestions, from which you can infer that we have a long, and useful, and happy activity cut out for us — an unending activity for the Society, because each generation will furnish it with new memorabilia. But upon us lies the peculiar obligation of gleaning as much as we can of the earlier and earliest periods, whose vestiges are already too scanty; and as we glean, we must garner.

We are greatly indebted to the Cambridge Public Library for giving a safe resting-place to the beginnings of our collections: but we must plan to have a permanent house of our own. To this end, let us hope that loyal Cambridge sons and daughters, who may not have historical relics, will yet make gifts or bequests of money to this Historical Society. The Curator of such an institution, in its infancy, has ample leisure, between the coming of one relic and the next, to see visions and to dream dreams; and I have indulged this privilege to such an extent that I have even dreamed that another generation may behold one of our two or three richly historic houses made the seat of this Society. How could the abode of Washington and Longfellow, for instance, be more sure of receiving perpetual care? When Brattle Street presents a long façade of skyscrapers, as it may well do within the lifetime of many of you, let us hope that Craigie House will not be swept away, as Hancock House in Boston was, to the regret of us all.

Meanwhile, our present duty is to save what we can from the dark backward and abysm of time; to spread the interest already aroused in local history and biography; and to make our Society, whether through its collections, publications, or meetings, a fruitful factor in the higher life of our beloved town.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER

October 23, 1906 — October 22, 1907.

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand Oct. 23, 1906	\$505.29	
Initiation fees from 3 regular members @ \$1	\$3.00	
Annual dues from 110 regular members @ \$2	220.00	
Annual dues from 4 associate members @ \$1	4.00	
Sale of 138 Longfellow medals in bronze @ \$10	1,380.00	
Sale of 3 Longfellow medals in silver @ \$14	42.00	
Sale of 2 Longfellow medals in gold (exclusive of material) and cases	39.00	
30 Special contributions toward expense of celebration of the 100th Anniversary of Longfellow's birth	166.00	
Proceeds of 16 copies of Proceedings I	14.70	
Special contributions toward expense of celebration of the 100th Anniversary of birth of Louis Agassiz	72.02	
Interest on deposit in Cambridge Savings Bank	27.05	1,967.77
		<hr/>
		\$2,473.06

DISBURSEMENTS.

Guarantee Company of North America for Treasurer's bond for 1 year to Nov. 1, 1907	\$2.50	
Reporting, stenography, typewriting, printing, engraving, stationery, postage, and supplies	807.43	
Copyright dues on account of Longfellow medal	3.03	
Insurance on account of Longfellow exhibit	15.60	
Service in arranging Longfellow exhibit	27.56	
Music at Longfellow exercises	25.00	
Service of doorkeepers at Sanders Theatre and Fogg Museum	5.00	
Service in designing Longfellow medal	750.00	
Striking and packing Longfellow medals	483.00	
Carriage hire	2.50	
Collecting checks	1.00	2,122.62
Balance on hand Oct. 22, 1907		<u>\$350.41</u>

OSCAR F. ALLEN,
Treasurer.

Examined, compared with the Treasurer's books, and found satisfactory,
Oct. 22, 1907.

J. T. G. NICHOLS,
Auditor.

The following persons were chosen a Committee to consider and report a list of nominations for the offices of the Society for the ensuing year: HOLLIS R. BAILEY, ELIZABETH E. DANA, and OSCAR F. ALLEN.

The report of this Committee was read and accepted, and the Committee was discharged.

The following persons, nominated by the Committee, were elected by ballot for the ensuing year:

The Council.

CLARENCE W. AYER,
EDWARD J. BRANDON,
FRANK GAYLORD COOK,
RICHARD HENRY DANA,
HENRY HERBERT EDES,
MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI,
ALBERT BUSHNELL HART,

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,
ARCHIBALD M. HOWE,
WILLIAM C. LANE,
ALICE M. LONGFELLOW,
ALEXANDER MCKENZIE,
WILLIAM R. THAYER.

President: RICHARD HENRY DANA.
Vice-Presidents: { THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,
 ALEXANDER MCKENZIE,
 ARCHIBALD M. HOWE,
Secretary: FRANK GAYLORD COOK,
Treasurer: HENRY HERBERT EDES,
Curator: CLARENCE W. AYER.

The SECRETARY-ELECT was duly sworn.

On recommendation of the Council it was voted that the following amendments to the By-laws be adopted, namely :

First: In Article VI, in the second line of the last sentence, by striking out the word "one" and inserting in place thereof the word "two,"—the last sentence thus amended reading as follows: "Associate members shall be liable for an annual assessment of two dollars each payable in advance at the Annual Meeting, but shall be liable for no other fees or assessments, and shall not be eligible for office, and shall have no interest in the property of the Society and no right to vote.

Second: In Article XVI, in the first line, by striking out the word "one" and inserting in place thereof the word "two"; and in the second line by striking out the word "two" and inserting in place thereof the word "three,"—the By-Law thus amended reading as follows: "The fee of initiation shall be two dollars. There shall also be an annual assessment of three dollars, payable in advance at the Annual Meeting."

The special subject of the evening was "Cornelius Conway Felton;" and in introducing Professor William Watson Goodwin, the guest and speaker of the evening, the PRESIDENT made the following remarks :

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS OF RICHARD HENRY DANA

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

In the proceedings of our Historical Society, may we have none of that ostentatious modesty which would banish the little, narrow letter, the insidious I which so naturally and

easily wedges its way into our reminiscences. In the paper to-night, let us hope to have the personal recollections of one Philhellene of the other Philhellene, his master and predecessor, in full measure.

And to set a good example, may I say how well I recollect, when in college, the man I am to introduce to you to-night. Even in my day, Greek was an elective, and though mathematics and science came to me far more easily, though with one-third the work I could get better marks, I yet elected Greek in three of my four years. There was a fascination about Greek thought. Here was a race of men who, in history, biography, philosophy, and in lyric, epic, and tragic poetry, built up a literature from their own inner consciousness, of which all literature of all ages since has been, for the most part, but an imitation. As memories of some landscape, some panorama of hazy sunlight on autumn foliage on an October day, linger in the mind, so does this great literature of the Athenians. He who has been under the spell of it will always long for the time when he may cast aside the cares and business of our too arduous life, and take up again his Greek authors. He is never in need of a fascinating resource.

When studying these marvellous creations, I so well remember the enthusiasm of the head of the Greek Department, under whom I had the privilege of sitting for many an absorbing hour. He was a remarkable man, a graduate of Harvard, a student at Bonn, Berlin, and Göttingen, where he took the Doctor's degree, and in 1860 was successor of Felton in the Eliot Professorship of Greek at Harvard. What, to my mind, seems to show his remarkable acumen, is that, though Greek literature was studied during all the classic and middle ages, and was the great study in all the universities of Europe, it was left to him to find out, in our day, the real relation of the Greek moods and tenses, a

great discovery, for which he is justly celebrated. He had the rare distinction of being made a Doctor of Laws by both the great English universities of Oxford and Cambridge and by the Scotch university of Edinburgh. May I add that his exposition of this discovery was so logically and clearly put, that it had a charm rare indeed in so dry a subject as grammar, no matter of what language.

I have the pleasure now of introducing to you, as the author of the paper on President Felton, Professor Emeritus and Overseer of Harvard, Mr. William Watson Goodwin.

ADDRESS OF WILLIAM WATSON GOODWIN

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

YOU have asked me to speak to you of President Felton. What I have to say of him will be ancient history to most of you, as he died more than forty-five years ago. And yet, those of us who remember him as a genial friend and associate, full of sparkling humor and geniality, and always ready with a pleasant greeting, can hardly believe that it is almost half a century since we have seen his cheerful face. He would now be one hundred years old. Of those who were associated with him as teachers at the time of his death, only two — President Eliot and myself — are now officially connected with the University. Mr. Eliot was then Assistant Professor of Chemistry, and I had succeeded Mr. Felton as Eliot Professor of Greek Literature in 1860, two years before his death.

Cornelius Conway Felton was born in Newbury, Massachusetts, November 6, 1807. As a boy he is said to have shown great love of study, and his parents encouraged this to the best of their ability. He passed one year at the academy at Bradford, Mass.; and during the year and a half before he entered college he studied in the private school of Mr. Simeon Putnam at North Andover. At this school he is said to have gone over "a wide range of reading both in Latin and Greek, not superficially, but thoroughly and critically"; and there he translated Grotius "*De Veritate*" into English at the age of fifteen. In 1823 he entered Harvard College, where his

studious habits gave him high rank as a scholar from the beginning. His private reading, not only in the classics, but also in modern literature, supplemented the small requisitions then made by the college in these departments. Those who remember him as the elegant, portly gentleman of his later years will hardly recognize the description of his appearance at that time given by one of his intimate college associates: "He was then a tall and slender youth, with a slight stoop and a pale complexion, looking like one who had grown up rapidly and worked hard at his books." But the same friend also says of him: "There was nothing ascetic in his temperament or recluse in his habits. Fond as he was of reading and study, the face of a friend was always more attractive than the silent page of a book." This friend says of him when he left college: "His range of study had been very wide. He was an excellent Greek and Latin scholar, he had made himself well acquainted with the principal languages of modern Europe, and had gone over the whole range of English literature with an omnivorous and indiscriminate appetite that seemed to grow with what it fed on."

Immediately after graduating in 1827, he spent two years in charge of the Livingston County High School in Geneseo, N. Y. In 1829 he returned to Cambridge as Tutor in Latin in the College. In 1830 he became Tutor in Greek, and in 1832 he was made University Professor of Greek. In 1834 he succeeded Rev. Dr. John Snelling Popkin as Eliot Professor of Greek Literature, and he held this office until 1860, when he was made President of the University. The foundation of the Eliot professorship in 1814 by Samuel Eliot of Boston, grandfather of President Eliot, indirectly caused an important revolution in the teaching and the traditions of Harvard College. It was the first strictly literary professorship ever endowed in the college, — the instruction in all the languages, except Hebrew, having previously been given by Tutors or Instructors or by College or University Professors, for whom there was no permanent endowment. In 1815 the Eliot professorship was offered to Edward Everett, who was only twenty years old, but was already a distinguished pulpit orator. Mr. Everett was unwilling to take the professorship until he had prepared himself for its duties by study in a German university. He went to Göttingen on leave of absence in 1815 as a student of classic philology, and there took the

degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1817, being the first American who received this degree. This wise and far-seeing action of Mr. Everett was the foundation of the close connection between Göttingen and Harvard, which has been of lasting benefit to our scholarship. He was soon followed by two other graduates of Harvard, George Bancroft and Joseph Green Cogswell, who studied at Göttingen and received the doctor's degree, and also by George Ticknor of Dartmouth. All four of these scholars soon returned to Harvard, and it is hardly possible now to imagine the startling effect which this sudden importation of new ideas from the famous seat of German learning must have produced at that early day in our quiet college. Strange to say, the *permanent* result of this wholesale importation of German ideas appears to have been but slight. This probably was due to the short time during which the four German scholars remained together at Harvard. Mr. Everett resigned in 1826 to begin his career in Congress; Mr. Bancroft resigned in 1823; Mr. Cogswell became Librarian and also Professor of Mineralogy and Geology; while Mr. Ticknor remained until 1835 as Smith Professor of French and Spanish and Professor of Belles Lettres. Harvard was certainly not *Germanized* by this revolution. Perhaps the best indication of the new spirit inspired by this brief reign of German influence at Cambridge is to be seen in the syllabus of Professor Everett's lectures on Greek Literature. The high scholarship and the deep erudition shown in these lectures plainly indicate what our American students found at Göttingen ninety years ago; and this fell little (if at all) below the standard of the German universities of the present day. The breadth of view and the wealth of references and citations presented in Professor Everett's lectures must have been a sudden revelation to the pupils of Dr. Popkin, to whom they were addressed. We have one hint of at least an undergraduate fear of Germanism, in the song which is said to have been sung under Mr. Bancroft's windows in the college yard, beginning "Thus we do in Germany." This early connection with Germany was almost entirely suspended for about twenty years, when it was renewed with Göttingen and the other great German universities by Benjamin A. Gould and George M. Lane, with increased vigor and more lasting results.

When Mr. Felton assumed the Eliot Professorship in 1834,

at the age of twenty-six, he delivered his inaugural address at Commencement time. In this he expresses, in strong and dignified language, his high sense of the important duties he was undertaking and his cheerful hope of success in his work. He says:

"When I remember what men have gone before me in this career, and by what genius, eloquence, and erudition it has been adorned, I accept this professorship with a feeling of unaffected gratification, mingled with unaffected distrust. But my tastes, my studies, and the cherished associations of this spot, encourage me to undertake its responsible duties with cheerfulness and hope."

His exalted opinion of the language which he was to teach is thus expressed:

"This language of a freely organized and developed people, formed under the genial influence of a serene and beautiful heaven, amidst the most picturesque and lovely scenes in nature, had acquired a descriptive force and harmony, equally capable of expressing every mood of the mind, every affection of the heart, every aspect of the world. Its words are images, and its sentences finished pictures. It gives the poet the means of clothing his conceptions in every form of beauty and grandeur; of painting them with the most exquisite tints and hues; of gathering around them the most appropriate images, wisely chosen and tastefully grouped; and of heightening the effect of the whole by the idealizing power of a chastened imagination."

Again he says:

"Language was polished [by the early Greeks] into exquisite beauty and harmony; eloquence was simple, energetic, and lofty; public games were favorite and almost sacred recreations of the people; the spirit of patriotism was strong and active; the useful arts were much cultivated, and the fine arts were beginning to spring up. The essential principles of all genuine literature and art—namely, truth, nature, and simplicity—were already implanted in the Grecian soul. They afterwards unfolded themselves in that wonderful unity of spirit which embraces all the poets, painters, sculptors, and architects who shed an unfading lustre over the classic ages of Greece."

A learned and enthusiastic professor, inspired by sentiments like these and eager for congenial work in the field of his own choice, would naturally have found in the Eliot professorship the broadest scope and the greatest facilities for carrying out his ideas of teaching. If Mr. Felton could have entered on his duties after thirty-eight years of the administration of President Eliot, he would have found just these conditions here. But in 1834 Harvard College was a very different place. The straitened condition of the finances then made it impossible to supply the teachers who were absolutely needed in most departments to help the professors; and even the highest professors were obliged to do work which would not now be expected of even the youngest tutors or instructors. When Mr. Everett took charge of the Eliot professorship with its large endowment, Dr. Popkin still remained College Professor of Greek, and for several years there was also a tutor in Greek. If we may judge by the very brief statement of the courses of study in the catalogue, Professor Everett was expected only to give a course of lectures and to appoint certain hours in which students could consult him privately about their studies in Greek literature. But fourteen years later, when Mr. Felton succeeded Dr. Popkin in the office, all this was changed, and the duties of the Eliot Professor appear to have become a part of the ordinary work of the college. He was now assisted only by one tutor, who taught the Freshmen, while he was himself expected to take entire charge of the Greek of the Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors. Mr. Felton was obliged to hear at least twelve recitations in each week of large classes of students, who came to him in alphabetical sections. The college statutes required him to examine orally on a prescribed lesson as many of each section as he could during the hour of recitation, and to return marks on a scale of eight for each hour, allowing each student his average mark for days when he was not called on to recite. The total sum of these marks for the whole college course determined each student's rank at graduation. This made the systematic teaching of any large subject or the exposition of any piece of literature by the professor practically impossible. A great part of every hour had to be given to the correction of elementary mistakes, and to explanations which could be of no use to real scholars. As the classes increased in size all this became worse.

Mr. Felton gave no lectures at all to my class (1851), but he began with the next class to lecture once a week for half the year. These lectures, like many other excellent courses then given in the college, were no part of the work which counted for rank or for the degree. There were then no examinations in the college which were any test of scholarship. They were all oral, and generally amounted to nothing as incentives to study or as proof of study. The introduction of thorough written examinations in all the courses of study in 1859 began a complete revolution in the whole system of teaching. These examinations were used more and more each year in determining the students' rank, thus leaving the instructor free to devote his time with his class to actual teaching. There is probably no teacher now in the college who uses his time in the class-room for any other purpose than giving instruction in his course of study in the way which seems to him best adapted to his subject. The introduction of an enlarged system of elective studies in 1867, which has since been increased to an extent hardly anticipated at the outset, has made a much higher scholarship possible in the college classes than was dreamed of forty years ago. Again, the introduction of graduate instruction in the Arts and Sciences, leading to the Master's and the Doctor's degrees, in classes to which competent undergraduates are specially admitted, has now united the College and the University in a manner which was never even contemplated in Mr. Felton's day, and is hardly appreciated even in our day. To give a single example, — in place of the four courses in Greek and four in Latin formerly given by recitations, we have now forty-seven courses offered in the Classics, of which about half are especially adapted to graduates who are studying for a higher degree. These courses are constantly changed from year to year, and nothing like the old recitation system is known in any of them. The Faculty of Arts and Sciences this year offers (in all) five hundred and ninety-two courses in forty-four departments of study.

In 1856, on my return from Germany, I was appointed tutor in Greek and Latin to relieve the two professors in these languages of their work with the Sophomore class. This most needed relief had long been called for; but lack of funds had made it impossible to grant it. As a teacher, with fifteen hours of work a week, I

found the old system of recitations, on which the students' marks were to be given, almost intolerable; and the relief soon afforded by written examinations was welcomed with the greatest delight by all the younger men in the Faculty. Among these younger men President Eliot was especially active as an advocate of this and of all other measures which aimed at raising the standard of scholarship and increasing the efficiency of teaching. Much of his work as President in this direction has been only a continuation of what he began as Tutor in Mathematics more than fifty years ago.

In 1853 and 1854 Mr. Felton made a most interesting journey to Europe, a large part of which he devoted to Greece and Greek lands. His pleasant experiences are related in a little volume, "Familiar Letters from Europe," published after his death. This visit to Greece realized the fond anticipations of many years. He found many old friends and still more new ones at Athens, where his enthusiasm for everything Greek and for Greece itself made him welcome to all whom he met. He was pleasantly entertained by the King and Queen, and in diplomatic and literary circles; and he soon learned enough modern Greek to talk familiarly with the people whom he met in his travels in the country. He is sometimes rather too enthusiastic about the purity of the Greek which he heard from the mouths of peasants and common men in the streets. I cannot help thinking that, with the few words which he recognized as pure Greek, there were many others which would not have been understood in ancient Athens. His account of his arrival at Athens is characteristic of the enthusiasm and excitement in which he first saw all the great monuments and historic scenes of Greece. His steamer had hardly come to anchor in the Piræus, when (as he says) "we scrambled down to a boat which Miltiades had already engaged for us; rowed ashore, stepped into a hack, — O contradiction of all classical experience! — and were driven by a coachman over the Peiraic road, between the ruins of the walls of Themistocles, up to the city of Athens. We passed the olive groves of Plato's Academy; dashed up to the Temple of Theseus, dismounted, and went through it; climbed the Areopagus, where Orestes was tried and Paul preached; looked over the Agora to the Pnyx and the Bema, whence Demosthenes harangued the Athenians; climbed up to the Propylæa; mounted the marble staircase

leading into the Acropolis; went through and round the Parthenon; examined the piles of sculptured marbles still remaining on the ground; admired the Erechtheum; looked round upon the matchless panorama of marble mountains that encircled the plain; descended, stopping at the new found temple of Wingless Victory on the way; walked along the southern slope [of the Acropolis], surveying the ruins of the Odeum and the site of the Dionysiac Theatre; jumped into our degenerate hack and drove to the still standing columns that form a part of the gigantic Temple of Olympian Zeus; passed under the Arch of Hadrian; drove to the Temple of the Winds in the street of Aeolus; then, to bring the journey to a quite modern termination, dropped my luggage at the Hôtel d'Angleterre."

That is, instead of driving up the main road to the city (about four and one-half miles), and seeing very little except at a distance, he made his hack-driver carry him to all the principal ruins of Athens, some of them being a mile distant from his direct course! He really left very little to be seen for the first time in his future wanderings about ancient Athens. And he did a most wise thing, which perhaps no other traveller has done, either before or since.

During the twenty-six years of his professorship, he published a large number of books, among which may be especially mentioned annotated editions of the "Iliad," the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, the "Clouds" and the "Birds" of Aristophanes, and the "Panegyricus" of Isocrates. He once told me that he believed that he was the first who ever introduced a real Greek author (*i. e.*, not as a part of a collection) into the instruction of Harvard College. Before his day the old "Graeca Majora" was the chief Greek classic known to the students.

I cannot help alluding here to the vigorous warfare against Spiritualism which Mr. Felton waged during the last year of his professor's life. He seemed really alarmed by the rapid spread of spiritualistic doctrines at that period; and (as one of his friends expressed it) he believed spiritualism to be "a mischievous delusion, weakening the mind and poisoning the moral sense." I walked with him into Boston one fine Sunday evening to attend a spiritualists' meeting to which he had been invited. We found a large hall filled with men and women, and his name was posted

in large letters at the door as one of the expected speakers. We had hardly taken our seats, when one of the chief men called Mr. Felton by name, and said: "I understand that Professor Felton claims to be thoroughly posted up in everything that concerns the Greeks. Now I want to ask him if he does not know that Socrates was a great spiritualist, having a guardian demon or spirit always attending him and advising him what to do." Mr. Felton replied: "The vulgarism *posted up* never fell from my lips before this minute. But I have never heard that Socrates was in any sense a spiritualist." He then explained that the so-called "demon" of Socrates was a late invention, for which there is absolutely no historic authority. Socrates himself speaks of *something divine* (*δαίμονιν τι*) within him, which sometimes warned him *not to do* something which he thought of doing, but never gave him any positive advice. It was never personified in any sense, but was only a sort of intuition in his own mind. This explanation was well received, and seemed to be quite a revelation to many of the audience.

When Dr. Walker resigned the presidency of the University in January, 1860, all eyes turned to Mr. Felton as his natural successor. As "the oldest inhabitant" of the University and thus identified with the most important period of its history, he was the only man seriously thought of for the office. He was immediately chosen by the Corporation and confirmed by the Overseers, and he assumed his duties at once. This inauguration took place at Commencement time in 1860, in connection with the triennial festival of the Alumni. His inaugural address was dignified and eloquent, abounding in classic allusions and strong in the assurance that his new duties should never wean him from that love of ancient letters which had distinguished him through life. I will quote the following:—

"I am not a new man here. I believe not one man—no, not one—holding office in any department of the University when I returned after an absence of two years (in 1829) is now in active academical duty in the immediate government of the College. My associates are, with few exceptions, men who have been my pupils; without exception, men to whom I have been attached by the ties of a friendship which has never been interrupted by a passing

cloud. Had my personal wishes been gratified, I should have been left to the cultivation of Grecian letters, and the studies of the professorship in which I have passed so many happy years. When St. Basil, having long resided in the society of the students and philosophers of Athens, was called by the duties of life to leave those classic scenes, he departed with lamentations and tears. More fortunate than St. Basil, I am permitted to remain. I shall not desert the academic grove; the voices of the Bema and the Dionysiac theatre still ring in my ears with all their enchantments. Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Plato, Aristotle, Demosthenes, — I shall not part company with you yet. Helicon and Parnassus, which my feet have trodden literally as well as figuratively, are consecrated names. Hymettus still yields his honeyed stores, and the Cephissus and Ilissus still murmur with the thronging memories of the past. I resign my former duties to younger and more vigorous hands; but my excellent friend and successor I know will allow me to haunt his lecture-room, even to that period of life when I shall be like the chorus in the Agamemnon,

‘When hoary Eld, in sere and yellow leaf,
Walks his triple-footed way;
Nor stronger than a child
Wanders a vision in the light of day.’”

How old now do you think this venerable “oldest inhabitant” was, when he moved his friends around him almost to tears by this impressive and pathetic address? He was just fifty-two years old, and he had been connected with the college as tutor and professor about thirty-one years. I mention this as an indication of the change which half a century has made in our ideas of “growing old.”

During the brief time of his presidency, Mr. Felton did not find much time to “haunt” my lecture-room; but he very often entreated me to “run away for a day” and let him take my classes. One day, when I did this, he heard the whole Sophomore class recite (in the old-fashioned way) in three alphabetical divisions in the “Clouds” of Aristophanes, refusing to shorten the time by uniting sections. When I went to see him on my return, he said with deep feeling that he had not had such a delightful day since

he gave up teaching, and thanked me most heartily for giving him the pleasant opportunity. He then brought his hand down on my knee with all his might and said: "Goodwin, there is no more comparison between the pleasure of being professor and president in this college than there is between heaven and hell."

In the course of President Felton's inaugural address there was a most pleasant occurrence, which by a remarkable coincidence reminded many of the audience of a similar occasion at the inauguration of President Everett fourteen years before. This is thus related by Mr. Richard H. Dana, the father of your president, in his delightful commemoration of Mr. Everett in 1865:

"On this occasion [Mr. Everett's Inauguration] there was an occurrence which put suddenly to the severest test the equanimity and ready resources of Mr. Everett. The day and place were his, and his only. The crowded assembly waited for his word. He rose and advanced to the front of the platform [to give his address], and was received with gratifying applause. As he was about to begin, the applause received a sudden and marked acceleration, and rose higher and higher into a tumult of cheers. Mr. Everett felt that something more than his welcome had caused this; and turning, he saw [just appearing upon the stage from behind the pulpit] the majestic presence of Mr. Webster. I had heard Mr. Everett's readiness of resource called in question. I looked — all must have looked — to see how he would bear this embarrassment. He turned again to the audience, cast his eyes slowly round the assembly, with a look of the utmost gratification, seemed to gather their applause in his arms, and, turning about, to lay it ministerially at the feet of Mr. Webster, said to him: 'I wish, sir, that I could at once assert the authority which has just been conferred upon me, and *auctoritate mihi commissa* declare to the audience, *expectatur oratio in lingua vernacula a Webster*. But I suppose, sir, your convenience and the arrangements made by others render it expedient that I should speak myself, — at least at first.'"

Fourteen years later, on the same platform, before an audience which was in great part the same, President Felton was delivering his inaugural address. Three of the four living ex-presidents, Edward Everett, Jared Sparks, and James Walker, were seated on

the platform, with a vacant chair by their side. Mr. Felton was beginning to speak of his high opinion of the character of college students, and had just uttered the words: "I have entire confidence in the honor of the great mass of students," when the audience suddenly rose to their feet with cheers and tumultuous applause, which he knew could not be merely a response to his last words. He turned about, and saw the venerable Josiah Quincy, leaning on his son's arm, entering the stage through the pulpit, to take the vacant chair by the side of the three other ex-presidents. When the applause subsided, he turned to Mr. Quincy and said:

"I was speaking, Mr. President Quincy, of the faults and virtues of college students. No one had a more thorough knowledge of both than you. No one can judge them more truly:—no one will judge them more gently. I was about to say, that I believe no body of young men are, in the mass, more truthful and magnanimous. . . . A lady may now pass unattended, at any hour, through the college grounds, secure from seeing or hearing anything to alarm or offend her. . . . I think our University owes no inconsiderable part of the great influence it has exercised upon society to the fact that, while it has remodelled the special forms of its laws and orders when the spirit of the age required, it has always enforced, not only the moral law in its highest sense, but the minor morals, which are the manners of gentlemen."

He then quoted some of the older laws of the college, showing the precedence once shown to sons of esquires and knights. For example, it was ordered that "every scholar, until he receives his first degree, be called only by his surname, unless he be a fellow-commoner or the eldest son of a knight or nobleman." In the class-room and chapel the scholars sat according to the rank of their fathers. All students of our Triennial and Quinquennial Catalogues know that until 1773 the names in the classes are arranged in the order of the fathers' rank, and this principle is followed to the very end of the list, names beginning with A sometimes appearing at the very end (as in that of 1772).

Mr. Felton's lasting affection for Athens, which his visit to Greece had only strengthened, found warm expression in his inaugural. He says:

"There have been many more populous and wealthy cities than Athens ; but only one Athens has illustrated the history of man, — there *has been* but one Athens in the world. Time has not dimmed her ancient glories ; her schools still school mankind ; her language is the language of letters, of art, of science. There has been but one Acropolis, over which the Virgin Goddess of Wisdom kept watch and ward with spear and shield. There has been but one Parthenon, built by the genius of Architecture, and adorned by the unapproachable perfection of Phidian statues ; and there it rises in its pathetic beauty of decay, kindling in the blaze of the noonday sun, or softly gleaming under the indescribable loveliness of the full moon of Attica."

The anticipations of a long and prosperous term of the presidency for Mr. Felton were doomed to a sad disappointment. An insidious disease of the heart, which had given some of his friends uneasiness even before he took the presidency, was developed and aggravated by the sudden change of life which his new duties required and by the increased responsibility which he had assumed. The strict and even stern punctiliousness with which he discharged even the smaller duties of the presidency was sometimes in strange contrast to the mild and easy gentleness which had marked his conduct as professor. This struck his friends with surprise, and sometimes even with anxiety. Even on social occasions with intimate friends, where he would once have been full of life and overflowing with geniality and good-humor, he now sometimes sat sober and silent and took an early leave, so that his friends asked in astonishment what *could* be the matter with the President. All this was generally attributed to the sobering effect of his new responsibilities, until the winter of 1861-1862, when his disease suddenly appeared in a dangerous form, and compelled him to postpone a journey to Washington, where he was to attend a meeting of the Regents of the Smithsonian Institution. He afterwards went to visit his brother near Chester, Pa., where, after an illness of two or three weeks he died February 26, 1862. I saw him for a few minutes there, about a week before his death ; but it was only too plain that I was seeing him for the last time. His funeral took place in the college chapel, where the services were conducted by Dr. Walker and Dr. Peabody. On the following Sunday, March 9,

Dr. Peabody preached a funeral sermon, which bore the affectionate testimony to Mr. Felton's character of one who had been among his most intimate friends of more than thirty-eight years, since they entered college together on the same day in 1828. I will close these remarks on President Felton with a passage from this just discourse :

" Who has ever borne a more benignant and endeared part than he sustained in the whole intercourse of friendship and society, with equal wit and wisdom, modesty and dignity, grace in his speech and vigor in his thought? . . . With a nature thus overflowing with kindness, which might, to one who knew him but little, have seemed hardly to guard its own individuality and to be ready to become all things to all men, no man was ever more strongly intrenched within the defences of a pure, true, and discriminating conscience. No unworthy compliance ever shed a transient shadow over even his earliest youth. We who have known him longest can recall not an act which we do not love to remember. Steadfast in the right, no power on earth could make him swerve from his convictions of duty. His force of character, hidden on ordinary occasions by his gentle and sunny temperament, appeared impregnable whenever it was put to the test. From the most arduous, thankless, and painful duties he never shrank ; and in prompt decision and fearless energy for difficult emergencies he was no less conspicuous and admirable than in those amiable and graceful qualities which adorned his daily life."

I feel sure that those who knew President Felton best as a colleague and loved him best as a friend will most heartily agree with Dr. Peabody in this estimate of his character. Harvard College certainly has never had in her society a man who was more affectionately loved, and whose company was more eagerly sought by all who knew him.

At the conclusion of Professor Goodwin's address the President read from Longfellow's poem, "Three Friends of Mine," the tribute to Felton ; and the meeting was dissolved.

GIFTS TO THE SOCIETY

June 19, 1905 — October 22, 1907

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MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY . .	Proceedings on the 75th Birthday of Henry W. Longfellow The Wadsworth Longfellow House, by Nathan Gould
McKENZIE, ALEXANDER . . .	The First Church in Cambridge, by the Donor
MANCHESTER (N. H.) HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION	Quarterly Vol. III, Nos. 1-8
MEDFORD, CITY OF	Mayor's Address, 1906
MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY .	Historical Register, Vol. X, No. 1, Jan. 1907; No. 2, April, 1907; No. 3, July, 1907

<i>Donor</i>	<i>Description</i>
MISSOURI HISTORICAL SOCIETY .	Collections, Vol. II, No. 7, Oct. 1906
MISSOURI, STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF	Third Biennial Report for the 2 years ending Dec. 31, 1906 Missouri Historical Review Vol. I, No. 1, Oct. 1906; No. 2, Jan. 1907; No. 3, Apr. 1907; No. 4, July, 1907
MORGAN, MORRIS H.	Memoir of John Bartlett, by the Donor. Reprinted from the Proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Vol. XLI
NEWBURGH BAY AND THE HIGHLANDS (N. Y.), HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF	Historical Papers, No. XIII
NEW ENGLAND CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Publication No. 5
NEWHALL, HOWARD MUDGE . .	Register of the Lynn Historical Society, Lynn, Massachusetts, 1902, 1903
NEW HAMPSHIRE HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Proceedings, 1872-1905. 4 vols.
NEW YORK GENEALOGICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY . . .	Records, April, 1907
NICHOLS, JOHN W. T.	"The Bartlett Pair." Essay on John Bartlett and his wife, by Eunice W. Felton
OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY .	Proceedings, 1902-5; Quarterly, March, June, Sept., and Dec., 1906, March, 1907
PERRIN, FRANKLIN	"Lament of the Weathercock of 1776." Verses by Mrs. Charles Folsom upon the taking down in 1883 of the Fourth Meeting house of the First Church in Cambridge

<i>Donor</i>	<i>Description</i>
SHARPLES, STEPHEN P.	Notes on Cambridge, by William A. Saunders. Copy by the Donor
	Records of the First or Southerly Precinct of Cambridge, 1733-1781. Copy by the Donor
SUWANEE (TENN.), UNIVERSITY PRESS OF	Pathfinder, Vol. I, No. 8, Jan. 1907. Longfellow Centenary Celebration
SWAN, SARAH H.	Photograph of the Washington Elm, taken between 1861 and 1865, and including the Whitefield Elm
	Two Discourses, before The First Parish in Cambridge, on leaving the Old Meeting house and on the Dedication of the New, by Rev. William Newell, D.D.
SYRACUSE (N. Y.) PUBLIC LIBRARY	Annual Report, 1906
TAPPAN, EUGENE	Publications of the Sharon Historical Society, Sharon, Massachusetts, No. 2, April, 1905; No. 3, April, 1906; No. 4, April, 1907
TOWER, CHARLES B.	Pocket Almanack, dated 1794. Printed in Boston
VERMONT, LIBRARIAN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF	General Catalogue, 1791-1900
VERMONT, UNIVERSITY OF, AND AGRICULTURE COLLEGE	Bulletin; Catalogue, 1906-7
VINELAND (N. J.) HISTORICAL & ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY . . .	Annual Report, Oct. 13, 1904 — Oct. 10, 1905
WATERTOWN HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Watertown Records, I, II, III, IV
WILLARD, SUSANNA	Memoirs of Youth & Manhood by Sidney Willard. 2 Vols.
WORCESTER, S. ALICE	Autograph letter from Joseph E. Worcester, the Lexicographer, to his brother, dated Cambridge, December 16, 1861
	Gavel made from the wood from the Palisade Willows, Cambridge

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1906-1907

On the Early Roads and Topography of Cambridge.

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On the Collection of Autograph Letters of Distinguished Citizens of Cambridge.

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART,

HENRY HERBERT EDES.

WILLIAM C. LANE,

On the Identification and Marking of Historic Sites in Cambridge.

HOLLIS R. BAILEY,

WILLIAM W. DALLINGER.

JOHN W. FREESE,

On Sketches of Noted Citizens of Cambridge.

ARTHUR GILMAN,

MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI.

STEPHEN P. SHARPLES,

On Publication.

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HENRY HERBERT EDES.

WILLIAM C. LANE,

On Memoirs of Deceased Members.

WILLIAM B. THAYER,

ELIZABETH H. HOUGHTON.

JAMES ATKINS NOYES

On Auditing the Accounts of the Treasurer.

JOHN T. G. NICHOLS.

*On the Celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of
Louis Agassiz.*

FRANK GAYLORD COOK, ARCHIBALD M. HOWE,
HENRY HERBERT EDES.

On the Celebration of Cambridge Old Home Week.

RICHARD HENRY DANA, ARCHIBALD M. HOWE,
EDWARD J. BRANDON.

*On the Celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

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EVARIS, PRESCOTT

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FOXGROFT, FRANK
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NORTON, CHARLES ELIOT
NORTON, GRACE
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 POPE, CHARLES HENRY
 PULSFORD, ARTHUR

RAND, HARRY SEATON

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 READ, ELISE WELCH
 READ, JOHN
 READ, WILLIAM
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 ROCKWELL, ALICE TUFTS
 ROCKWELL, J. ARNOLD
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 SAUNDERS, HERBERT A.
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 SIBLEY, BERTHA
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 SORTWELL, ALVIN F.
 STEARNS, GENEVIEVE

• Deceased

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 SWAN, SARAH H.

TAFT, CHARLES H.
 §TAFT, EMILY H.
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 THAYER, WILLIAM R.
 THORP, JOSEPH G.
 TICKNOR, FLORENCE
 TICKNOR, THOMAS B.
 TILLINGHAST, WILLIAM H.
 TOPPAN, SARAH M.
 TOWER, CHARLES B.

VAUGHAN, ANNA H.
 VAUGHAN, BENJAMIN

WALCOTT, ANNA M.
 WARE, THORNTON M.
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 WENTWORTH, WILLIAM HALL
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 WESTON, ROBERT DICKSON
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 WHITE, MOSES P.
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 WHITTEMORE, WILLIAM RICHARDSON
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 WYMAN, MARGARET C.

YERXA, HENRY D.

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NICHOLS, JOHN W. T.

DAVENPORT, BENNETT F.

WILLARD, JOSEPH

LEVERETT, GEORGE V.

HONORARY MEMBERS

CHOATE, JOSEPH HODGES

HOWELLS, WILLIAM DEAN

RHODES, JAMES FORD

BY-LAWS

I. CORPORATE NAME.

THE name of this corporation shall be "THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY."

II. OBJECT.

The corporation is constituted for the purpose of collecting and preserving Books, Manuscripts, and other Memorials, of procuring the publication and distribution of the same, and generally of promoting interest and research, in relation to the history of Cambridge in said Commonwealth.

III. REGULAR MEMBERSHIP.

Any resident of the City of Cambridge, Massachusetts, shall be eligible for regular membership in this Society. Nominations for such membership shall be made in writing to any member of the Council, and the persons so nominated may be elected at any meeting of the Council by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Persons so elected shall become members upon signing the By-Laws and paying the fees therein prescribed.

IV. LIMIT OF REGULAR MEMBERSHIP.

The regular membership of this Society shall be limited to two hundred.

V. HONORARY MEMBERSHIP.

Any person, nominated by the Council, may be elected an honorary member at any meeting of the Society by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Honorary members shall be exempt from paying any fees, shall not be eligible for office, and shall have no interest in the property of the Society and no right to vote.

VI. ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP.

Any person not a resident, but either a native, or formerly a resident for at least five years, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, shall be eligible to

associate membership in the Society. Nominations for such membership shall be made in writing to any member of the Council, and the persons so nominated may be elected at any meeting of the Council by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Associate members shall be liable for an annual assessment of two dollars each, payable in advance at the Annual Meeting, but shall be liable for no other fees or assessments, and shall not be eligible for office and shall have no interest in the property of the Society and no right to vote.

VII. SEAL.

The Seal of the Society shall be: Within a circle bearing the name of the Society and the date, 1905, a shield bearing a representation of the Daye Printing Press and crest of two books surmounted by a Greek lamp, with a representation of Massachusetts Hall on the dexter and a representation of the fourth meeting-house of the First Church in Cambridge on the sinister, and, underneath, a scroll bearing the words *Scripta Manent.*

VIII. OFFICERS.

The officers of this corporation shall be a Council of thirteen members, having the powers of directors, elected by the Society, and a President, three Vice-Presidents, a Secretary with the powers of Clerk, a Treasurer, and a Curator, elected out of the Council by the Society. All the above officers shall be chosen by ballot at the Annual Meeting, and shall hold office for the term of one year and until their successors shall be elected and qualified. The Council shall have power to fill all vacancies.

IX. DUTY OF PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT.

The President shall preside at all meetings of the Society and shall be Chairman of the Council. In case of the death, absence, or incapacity of the President, his powers shall be exercised by the Vice-Presidents, respectively, in the order of their election.

X. DUTY OF SECRETARY.

The Secretary shall keep the records and conduct the correspondence of the Society and of the Council. He shall give to each member of the Society written notice of its meetings. He shall also present a written report of the year at each Annual Meeting.

XI. DUTY OF TREASURER.

The Treasurer shall have charge of the funds and securities, and shall keep in proper books the accounts, of the corporation. He shall receive and collect all fees and other dues owing to it, and all donations and testamentary gifts made to it. He shall make all investments and disbursements of its funds, but only with the approval of the Council. He shall give the Society a bond, in amount and with sureties satisfactory to the Council, conditioned for the proper performance of his duties. He shall make a written report at each Annual Meeting. Such report shall be audited prior to the Annual Meeting by one or more auditors appointed by the Council.

XII. DUTY OF CURATOR.

The Curator shall have charge, under the direction of the Council, of all Books, Manuscripts, and other Memorials of the Society, except the records and books kept by the Secretary and Treasurer. He shall present a written report at each Annual Meeting.

XIII. DUTY OF COUNCIL.

The Council shall have the general management of the property and affairs of the Society, shall arrange for its meetings, and shall present for election from time to time the names of persons deemed qualified for honorary membership. The Council shall present a written report of the year at each Annual Meeting.

XIV. MEETINGS.

The Annual Meeting shall be held on the fourth Tuesday in October in each year. Other regular meetings shall be held on the fourth Tuesdays of January, and April of each year, unless the President otherwise directs. Special meetings may be called by the President or by the Council.

XV. QUORUM.

At meetings of the Society ten members, and at meetings of the Council five members, shall constitute a quorum.

XVI. FEES.

The fee of initiation shall be two dollars. There shall also be an annual assessment of three dollars, payable in advance at the Annual Meeting.

XVII. RESIGNATION OF MEMBERSHIP.

All resignations of membership must be in writing, provided, however, that failure to pay the annual assessment within six months after the Annual Meeting may, in the discretion of the Council, be considered a resignation of membership.

XVIII. AMENDMENT OF BY-LAWS.

These By-Laws may be amended at any meeting by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting, provided that the substance of the proposed amendment shall have been inserted in the call for such meeting.

20 J. C. A.
1/23/08



